THE BYSTANDER
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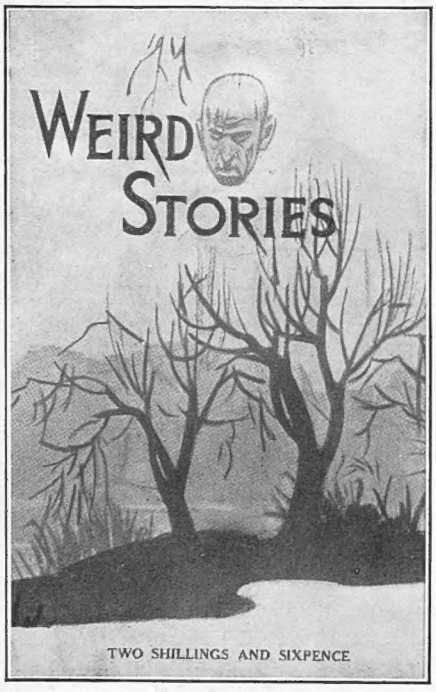

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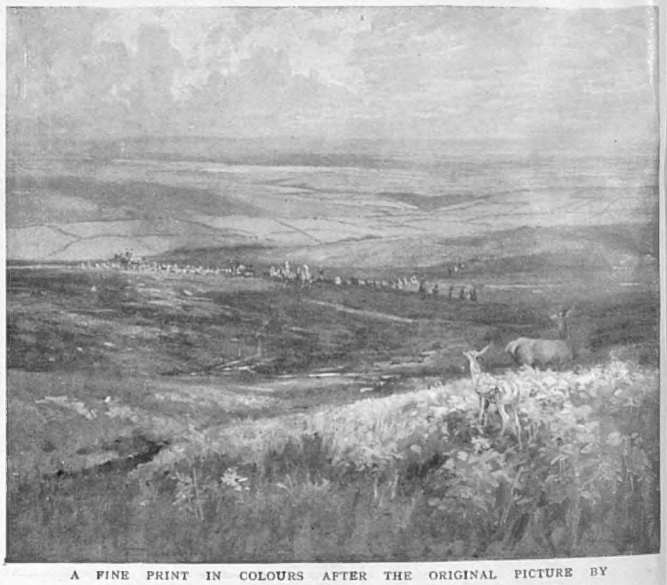

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The Bystander, January 2, 1929

No. 1307. Vol. CI.

The BYSTANDER

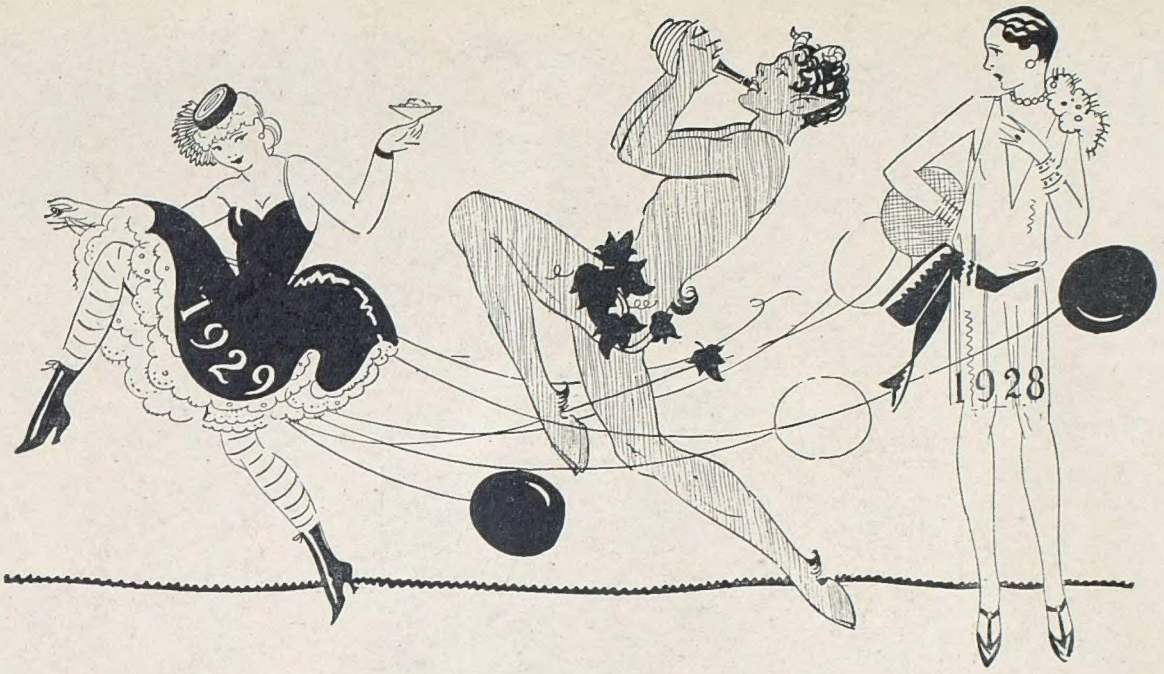
Sasha

MISS FAY COMPTON

Who started her stage career with Harry Pelissier in "The Follies." After playing in many musical shows she won a very big reputation in "Mary Rose," "Peter Pan," and "Quality Street," being regarded by many critics as the ideal Barrie heroine. She is at present in America

BY A. K. MACDONALD

GOSSIP



By Prynne

RITZ—CARLTON

"Morning, Ritz."

"Morning, Carlton."

"Broken any of those New Year resolutions yet?"

"No. I'm being a real trump."

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't discard from weakness!"

"We are *not* amused!"

"But *we* are!"

"What's happened?"

"I've been reading a little paragraph issued by the Stoll Theatre News Service."

"Has Sir Oswald Stoll been writing on Modes for Men?"

"Do give me a chance, Ritz! No; it was a remark attributed to Renée Houston of the Houston Sisters."

"Let's have it, Carlton."

"Speaking before her sister's recent wedding, she said, 'The firm will carry on business as usual during alterations!'"

"Really, I don't *quite* see——"

"Apply my methods, Watson. The printer obviously meant to put 'altar-ations.'"

"Talking of weddings, I hear that the young lord was quite peeved at not being asked to his former wife's second marriage."

"Never mind, he did the sporting thing."

"What was that?"

"Oh, sent the happy pair a wire of congratulations and good wishes."

"Bright idea—very: as Jingle would say."

"Mr. Pickwick's a success. Perhaps we shall have a vogue of his plays soon."

"Do you think Basil Dean will stage 'A Christmas Carol' with Aubrey Hammond as Tiny Tim?"

"Oh, don't Beau Geste—I mean jest, bo'. You'll be telling me next that Bertie Meyer is putting on 'David Garrick.'"

"Can you never try to be serious?"

"Watch me! How's this for a start? Have you ever Gazoomphed a Sarker?"

'Keeper come soon and take you back to nice padded cell."

'I scorn your insinuations. I am quoting a sentence of Lord Gorrell's."

"In a Russian play?"

"No, in the House of Lords. He *never* appears on the stage nowadays."

"Ah, the OUD order changeth!"

"No more of your Oxford manner, please."

"Sorry, but I was feeling blue."

"Is it the cold?"

"No, the 'frost' in so many of the theatres."

"Well, a lot of good money was sunk in theatrical ventures last year."

"I won't say 'good' money. Still, once sunk it's none too easy to get it all back out of the sea."

"Well, here's hoping that the 'Ghost' will walk regularly for our players this year."

"Certainly, as long as it is confined to the theatre and not used for publicity."

"I agree, Ritz. The tennants, I mean tenets, of consideration must be observed."

"Well, my path is none too smooth. In fact, it's most unpleasantly stony."

"How's that?"

"Quarter Day bills!"

"I can't think why they call it Quarter Day—why, it's more like a "no quarter" day!"

"Let's discuss something more pleasant. It looks as though the authorities took to heart those criticisms of the policewoman's uniform Rosemary made in last week's Bystander."

"Why? Have they improved the dress?"

"I should think they must have. I see that a young man fell in love with a policewoman in Hampstead and was arrested for talking to her on her beat."

"Ah, the course of Blue love never did run smooth."

"Well, anyway, *I* must run."

"Where to?"

"I'm off to see Oscar Asche in 'Two Chin Chow.'"

"Chu Chin Chow, my dear. But I'll admit that Oscar's got a fat part in it."

"But is the part greater than the whole?"

"I must think that one out."

"Then I'll leave you to it. Good-bye, Ritz."

"Good-bye, Carlton."

THE LOST GENERATION

By ETHEL MANNIN

FOR the last ten years we have been hearing a great deal about the "post-War" generation. All of us who grew up during the War are consigned to this category, to which, strictly speaking, only those who grew up *since* the War belong. Those of us who were never old enough to take any part in the War belong nowhere; we are the lost generation: too young to be "pre-War," too old to be "post-War." We were too young to realise the significance of a world war; we were preoccupied with our adolescence; the War was not our affair; and by the time we had begun to be aware that we were caught up in a living chapter of history-in-the-making it was all over.

THE real post-War generation, the generation which is in its sweet-and-twenties now, ten years after, is in the happy position of being completely exonerated from any connection with the War. It was still at the preparatory schools in 1918; to-day it can look back and feel that the War really was the affair of the previous generation. It is not so with us of the in-between generation, those of us who were thirteen and fourteen in 1914, and seventeen and eighteen at the time of the Armistice. We cannot completely detach ourselves at least from the later years; it had begun to be our affair by then; thousands of young men joined officers' training corps only to find the War over before they had finished their training; thousands of young women began to turn their thoughts for the first time towards munition work, canteens, and women's units, as late as the beginning of 1918, but before they had properly begun to realise that at last the War had caught them up it was all over; for us of the in-between generation the War happened too early in our lives for us to realise its significance, and yet not early enough not to implicate us. We were of the War, and yet had no part in it. For our young men it meant an extension of the public school or college officers' training corps; for our young women, a social excitement of dances, and men not much older than oneself in uniform, on leave, and wanting to be amused and have a "good time"; towards the end we grew conscious of the talk of conscripting the services of women, and those of us who were eighteen in 1918 began to realise that this war, whose significance we had never properly grasped beyond this social excitement and turmoil, was a serious business which was likely to draw us into it . . .

Raphael

MISS ETHEL MANNIN

TOO late we realised that we had been so busy growing up that we missed the most shattering chapter in history since the world began. There is a kind of resentment for us now in that realisation. People talk to us about the War, and we are forced to say, half apologetically, "Of course, I was at school then." And, "Oh, of course," they murmur, and turn away to talk to someone who really knows what is being discussed because they were "in" it. It can be humiliating to recall that at seventeen, when one wasn't altogether without at least an incipient adult intelligence, one still felt that somehow the battles of the Somme were rather in the nature of "noises off" so far as we ourselves were concerned—we had never realised the genesis of the War; trying to raise a fundamental interest then was like trying to begin a novel in the beginning with only a hazy idea of how it all began.

YET the War generation is apt to be bitter about us. "The War meant nothing to you," they are apt to tell us, out of the resentments and bitternesses of their own experiences and sufferings. But are we to blame? There was a war when we were thirteen, and when we were fourteen, and where we were fifteen; by the time we were sixteen it had begun to seem to us that war was a natural condition that, like poverty, we had always with us; at seventeen it began to stir in our consciousness; at eighteen we stood on the threshold of realisation—and a few months later the incredible thing had happened and men had ceased to kill each other. For us of the Lost Generation the Armistice was a much bigger shock, a much profounder experience, than the declaration of war. We remember Armistice night as our elders remember August 4. We had a part in it—only a walking-on part, perhaps, but it was real to us as that tragic day away back in our childhood could not be.

AND it is curious by how narrow a gulf we of the middle generation, born at the beginning of the twentieth century, are separated from the war generation. Dearly we yearn to say to friends a couple of years older than ourselves, "We are of the same generation." But we are not. Those two years make all the difference. The young men who only reached military age with the Armistice has nothing in common with the young man who reached it two years before him. It is a poignant case of the little more and the little less, and how much it is, and literally what worlds away! We of the middle generation are twenty-seven and twenty-eight now, and we do not belong to the generation that is twenty-nine and thirty, for the simple reason that the War caught them up whilst it never touched us. A little, I think, they despise us—they are conscious of the superiority of their experience which more than outbalances the small disparity of those few years which give them their seniority; there is about them a mental and spiritual seniority that we can never achieve.

"DURING the War," they begin, and then break off. "But, of course, you'd still be at school," they say—and we are dismissed into the outer darkness and

(*Continued on page 6*)

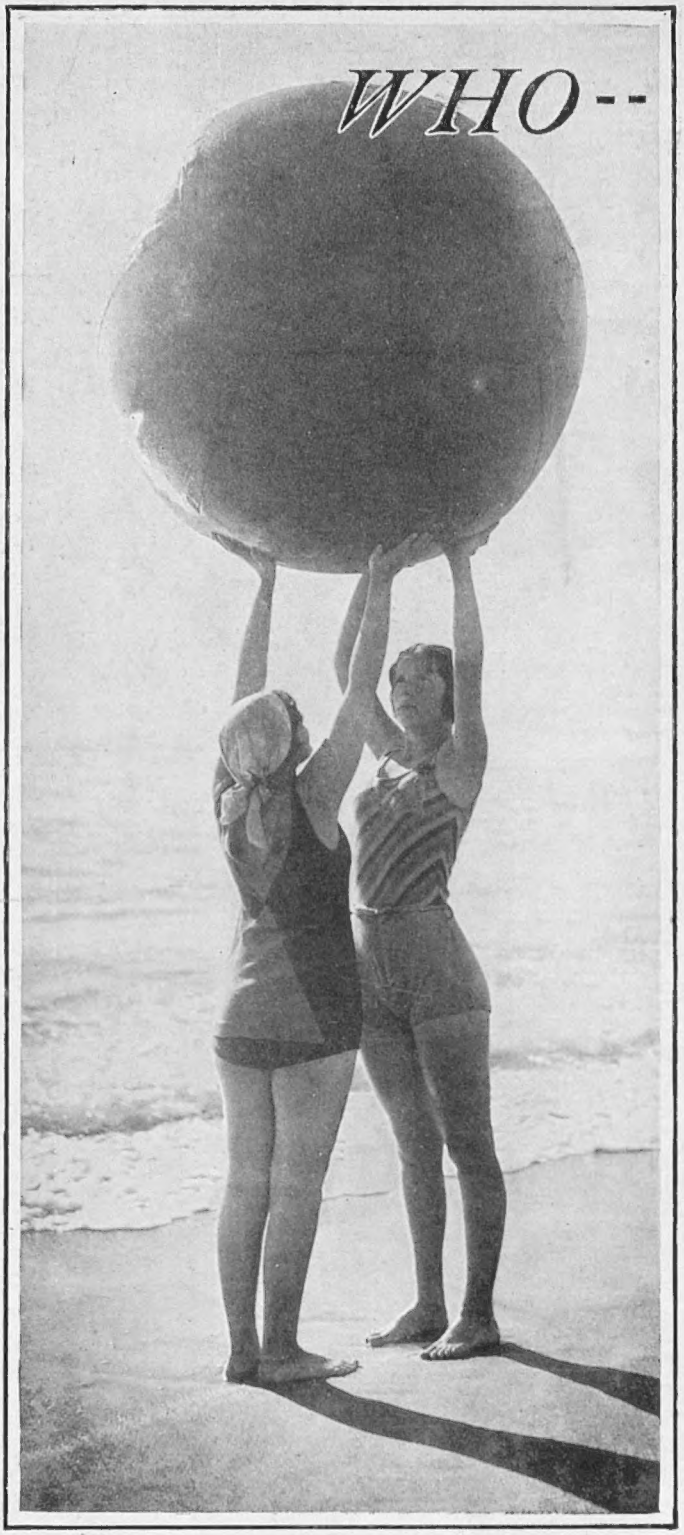
"For us of the Lost Generation the Armistice was a much bigger shock, a much profounder experience than the declaration of war"

(Continued from page 4)

a no-man's land where we wander, the lost generation that we are. But we suffered, too—a kind of dazed, bewildered suffering, like the suffering of animals who don't understand . . . We lost brothers, cousins, and boys who used to come to the house and talk nonsense, that made us giggle—for we were at the giggling stage—and pulled our pigtails (for it will be remembered that the girlhood of the in-between generation wore pigtails or ringlets)—and who suddenly appeared in uniform and seemed tremendously important and grown up, so that it was hard to remember that they were only a few years older than ourselves; they went away and some of them didn't come back; we heard that they'd been killed, and it seemed quite simply incredible . . . they weren't old enough to die . . . surely they must come back and the ragging and nonsense go on as before . . But they didn't; and the War began to break through to our quickening consciousness.

WE began to read the books that had been written with the War as a background; those chapters dealing with the genesis of the War particularly interested us. Had all that really been happening whilst we were at school, doing lines and swotting for "matric." and being glad our fathers, at any rate, were over military age . . .? Resentments began to burn in us: why hadn't somebody emphasised to us the importance of all that was going on, made us realise it? But all they did was teach us to sing the French, Belgian and Russian national anthems at school and to make paper flowers for the various flag-days that sprang up like crops of fungi overnight; we were taught to knit socks for soldiers, not to be wasteful, and to make black, red and yellow strips of paper into rosettes to be sold to raise money for the Belgian refugees. That is my own most vivid impression of the War—that and the fact that "owing to the War" I never received a prize of a "guinea's worth of books" I had won in a literary contest, and about which I felt bitterly. So bitterly, indeed, that, being allowed to choose a subject for an essay, I wrote on Patriotism versus Junkerism in so revolutionary and pacifist a strain that I was very nearly expelled from the school! A guinea's worth of books! It sounded so much then—it is a kind of gauge for the changing of values. I think that all of us of the in-between generation at the early stages of the War were either inflamed with an hysterical flag-waving patriotism or by a blind, youthful, uncomprehending pacifism, and either enthusiasm was equally devoid of understanding. By the time we had really grasped the tangled ends of the monstrous affair and sorted them out there had been the German revolution and that sudden sensational cessation of hostilities.

AND all that is ten years ago now and people have forgotten our uncomprehending bewilderment. "Post-War" they call us—and sometimes we wish to God we were; we should then at least be exempt from that itch within ourselves to "get the hang" once and for all of those momentous years. We are like children who have been told enough about an adult tragedy to stir our imaginations, but not enough to understand. We cannot achieve the gay indifference of the real post-War generation, for whom the War is a matter of history as remote as the Boer War or the Crimea; we know that how they feel about the world war is how we feel about those wars—an attitude of complete detachment. That we can neither completely detach ourselves from the world war nor yet integrally associate ourselves with it is our tragedy.

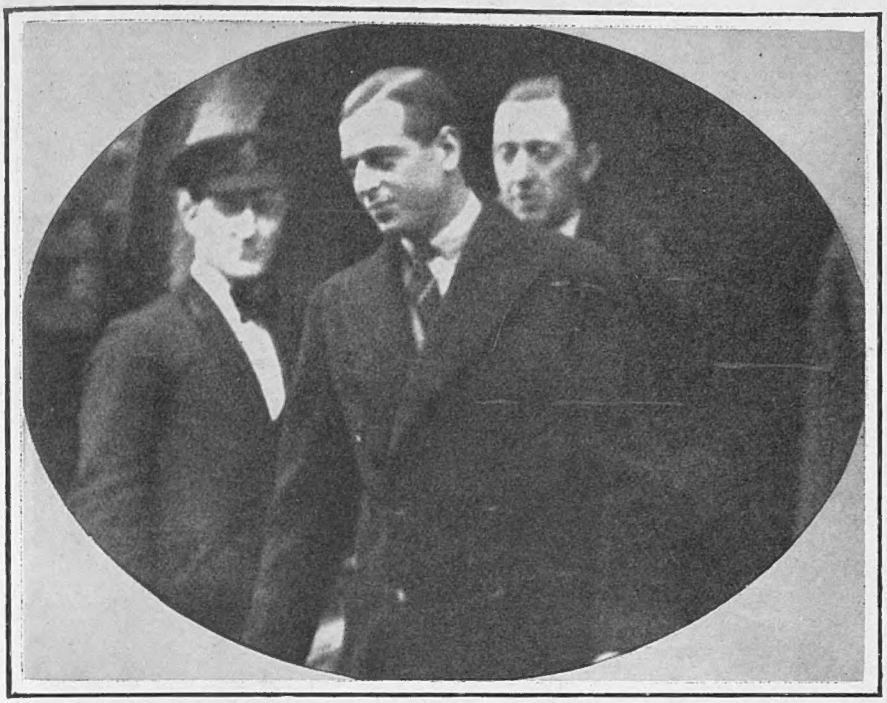


Keystone

A little uplift—of a physical rather than a mental nature—as enjoyed by some visitors to the Riviera. The mild weather makes bathing dresses a more comfortable proposition on the Cote d'Azur than in the Serpentine just now

OUR tragedy, too, that we are the last of the idealists. The War knocked the bottom out of idealism for the War generation, and the post-War young Neo-Georgians have grown up to breathe the air of disillusion and cynicism naturally; but we of the lost, in-between generation grew to adolescence in an atmosphere in which people still, unashamedly, had ideals and believed in something, and we have never been quite able to uproot ourselves. Not gaily cynical enough for the younger set, nor disillusioned enough for the older set, we are indeed—the Lost Generation!

E. M.



AN ECHO OF HIS MAJESTY'S ILLNESS L.N.A.

Prince George landing from the Berengaria on his arrival home. Like his brothers, he hastened across the world to be near his father and take part in the reunion of the King's family at Christmas

WHEN - -

The Royal Christmas

IT is ten years since the Royal Family spent its Christmas at Buckingham Palace, and although they were all unexpectedly reunited by the seriousness of the King's illness, the happy change in his condition made a family dinner possible on Christmas Day. On the following day the Queen lunched with the Princess Royal, a further sign of the King's improvement. This is the only time Her Majesty has left the Palace since the beginning of the King's illness, except for her daily drive and the unveiling of the Merchant Seamen's Memorial.

I heard that the first natural sleep the King had had for several days was on the night of the Prince of Wales's return. He had been delirious, but recognised the Prince when he came to his bedside, and shortly afterwards fell asleep.

Other Christmases

THE improvement in the King's health made a difference to Christmas throughout the whole country, and especially to gatherings in country houses. If the improvement had not been made most of these parties would have been abandoned. As it was, there was a general exodus, and further, in response to the Royal message, no changes were made. Family parties gathered at most of the ducal houses, the Duke of Devonshire's at Chatsworth, the Duke of Portland's at Welbeck, the Duke of Rutland's at Belvoir, and the Duke of Roxburghe's at Floors Castle. Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish had a party at Holker Hall, near Cartmel, which Lord Richard inherited from his uncle, the late Duke of Devonshire, and Lord and Lady Headfort were amongst those who entertained in Ireland. Lord and Lady Ancaster were at Grimthorpe, where a ball was given before Christmas in honour of their heir Lord Willoughby d'Eresby's coming-of-age.

Lenare

Miss Patricia Hastings, the second daughter of Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., the famous lawyer and playwright, and Lady Hastings. She is to marry Mr. Anthony Marlowe, of the Temple

& WHERE

Lenare

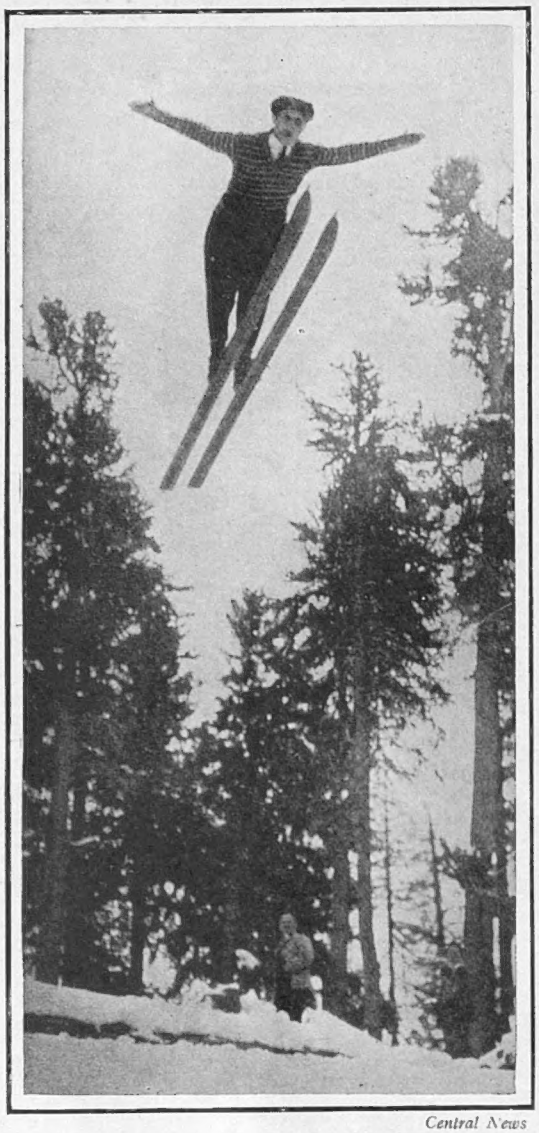
Miss Barbara Greenwell, whose engagement to Lieutenant-Commander N. J. W. William-Powlett, D.S.C., R.N., has been announced. She is the second daughter of Sir Bernard and Lady Greenwell of Marden Park, Godstone

TWO INTERESTING FIANCÉES

A Link with the Past

I WAS surprised that no reference appeared in any of the papers to the death of Alice Countess of Strafford, which occurred just before Christmas, but she had lived in seclusion so long that I suppose she was forgotten. But in her way she was a

WHEN MARRIAGES WERE MADE—IN GERMANY



Central News

Arnold Giovanoei, a St. Moritz boy, photographed making a remarkable ski jump of 35 metres on the Julier leap at St. Moritz during the ski-jumping competition for boys under sixteen. The record for the jump, made by a man, is 37 metres

I.B.

Miss Patricia Raeburn, Miss Doreen Ellis and Lady Raeburn photographed at Mürren. A feature of this year's Winter Sports season is the wonderful quantity of snow that abounds in Winter Sports resorts

remarkable woman. Born in the first year of the reign of William IV, she retained all her faculties until within a short time of her death. Her memory was prodigious. She was a daughter of the first Earl of Ellesmere, and a niece of Charles and Henry Greville, and could recall vividly all the great and interesting folk of the Early Victorian period. She used to blame Leigh Hunt for the "indiscretions" in Charles Greville's famous diaries, declaring that in his editing he had left in all the passages marked by her uncle to be left out. Her reminiscences, too, of life in London and in country houses during her girlhood and young womanhood were most entertaining.

A Virile Personality

BUT what was most remarkable about Alice Lady Strafford was that, whilst she had those vivid memories of the past, she was just as keenly interested in affairs and people of to-day. And she gave her opinions with great point and spirit. Sitting in her chair by the fire in her drawing-room in Lower Berkeley Street, and then more recently in South Street, Park Lane — where she moved after the lease of the house in Lower Berkeley Street came to an end—she displayed a knowledge of current politics and literature which would have put most young people to shame. Her letters, written in a firm clear hand almost to the end, were as definite and incisive as her conversation, and brimming with interest.

She was the widow of the third Earl of Strafford, whom she married seventy-four years ago. Lady Strafford had never been in a motor car until she was nearly ninety. Then, as lameness prevented her going by train, she was taken to the house of some relatives in the country by car. She enjoyed the experience so much that throughout her visit she was continually asking to be taken out in "that machine."

Princess Hatzfeldt

ANOTHER death in the same week was that of Princess Hatzfeldt, who, upon her marriage, nearly forty years ago, was reputed to be one of the richest women in the world. She possessed the romantic combination of beauty, a stately figure, and great wealth. She owed her fortune to her uncle, Collis P. Huntington, who was said to have left her £15,000,000, made out of railways. Her marriage to Prince Hatzfeldt made her a Serene Highness, but both she and her husband preferred to live in England rather than in Germany, and for many years they rented Draycot House, near Chippenham, from the late Lord Cowley, and it was there that the Prince had his racing stable.

Royal Disapproval

I THINK that one of the determining reasons for Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt's residence in England was the coldness with which her marriage was received at the ex-Kaiser's Court. At that time the rules about "equal" marriages were cast-iron in Germany, and the Princess was not regarded as "born," and therefore could not mate equally with a "Durchlaucht," although she was American. The attitude made all the difference to social existence.

After the Prince's death, Princess Hatzfeldt gave up Draycot House and bought Folijeon Park, near Sunninghill, but this she disposed of last year, deciding to make her home on the Riviera. She was the kindest of women and delighted in hospitality.

Lansdowne House

IF rumour is to be believed, we shall lose another of the gradually diminishing number of great houses

GREAT HOUSES IN THE MARKET

Keystone

The Cambridge ski team photographed after their victory over Oxford in the Downhill Race, held from Corviglia to Suvretta. Mr. K. C. Smith (left), Mr. G. H Page, Mr. Colin Wyatt, Mr. K. Y. Kagamy and Mr. G. Nixon

Keystone

There were many falls during the annual inter-University ski-race as the course from Corviglia to Suvretta is most difficult. Sir Richard Boord (left) is captain of the Oxford team, and, on the right, Mr. K. C. Smith is the Cambridge leader

Central Press

Two of the many who are enjoying the wonderful snow in the Bernese Oberland in the vicinity of Scheidegg and Wengen. Mr. T. R. Fox is seen here with his sister, Miss M. Fox, on a ski-ing morning

in London. This is Lansdowne House. Mr. Gordon Selfridge has had this beautiful Adam house for a good many years on lease, and has been most generous in lending it for charity balls and entertainments. But now it is said that Lord Lansdowne contemplates selling the freehold.

When you remember the capital sums brought by the sales of Devonshire House and Grosvenor House it is only a business proposition that the owner of such a house as Lansdowne House—a palace—should consider the difference to his income that would be brought by its sale.

There is another rumour that the house may be bought for a club. In that case the ballroom, with its collection of Greek and Roman marbles, and the circular room with the domed ceiling, opening from the library—the only room of its kind in London—would be preserved as the beautifully decorated rooms at Spencer House

CIRO'S GIVE THEIR CHILDREN'S PARTY

Sport and General

A merry group taken at the Great Ormond Street (London) Children's Hospital Annual Christmas Party at Ciro's Club. Father Christmas is seen here distributing the eagerly awaited toys

have been preserved since it became the Ladies' Army and Navy Club

But what club could pay the purchase price for Lansdowne House? So probably in the next year or two we shall see another big block of flats on the site of Lansdowne House and its garden.

Winter Sports Fervour

THE snowfall in all parts of Switzerland this season has behaved itself properly, and is splendid in all the resorts from St. Moritz to Mürren. There are many interesting parties bound for the Winter Sports. Edgar Wallace, who I presume is going to track footprints in the snow, is taking a party including Sir Gerald and Lady Du Maurier and their daughter, Daphne Du Maurier, whose clever little character study BYSTANDER readers will remember appeared in last week's issue. Another interesting visitor is Mr. Michael Arlen, who, with his wife, is staying at St. Moritz. The Oxford and Cambridge ski-race from Corviglia to Suvretta was fraught with difficulties, there being many falls. Colin Wyatt, of Cambridge, the first man home, completed the three-mile descent in five minutes.

Welcoming the New Year

DORA notwithstanding, our long-suffering restaurants and dance clubs have rallied round with unabated enthusiasm to make sure that their New Year's Eve visitors would be able to welcome 1929 in in royal style. Everywhere special dinners and dances were arranged so that, far from being a case of "where on earth can we go?" it was rather a matter of "which on earth shall we choose?" The Scottish note was in evidence at the Green Park Hotel gala dance, the New Year being greeted with the skirl of pipes; the Hyde Park Hotel's arrangements were even more elaborate than last year, whilst the Piccadilly, the Savoy, and the Carlton, to say nothing of Ciro's and the other clubs, laid themselves out to give their guests a wonderful evening.

The Chelsea Arts Ball

THE interior of the Albert Hall resembled the Court of Haroun al-Raschid for the Chelsea Arts New Year's Eve Ball, for the theme was "The Arabian Nights," with settings by Edmund Dulac and Cecil King. London knights and their ladies, many of them in costumes which, even if likely to astonish the shade of Burton, certainly add to the gaiety of such events, have rallied to the call of the East in no uncertain fashion; whereby they certainly have shown their wisdom, for the Chelsea Arts Ball has an appeal which never palls, and anyone who can find it possible to be bored at such an event is beyond all human aid.

SOME FUTURE "BYSTANDER" CONTRIBUTORS

Within the next few weeks, Articles and Stories will be specially contributed by the following well-known writers:

D. B. WYNDHAM-LEWIS,

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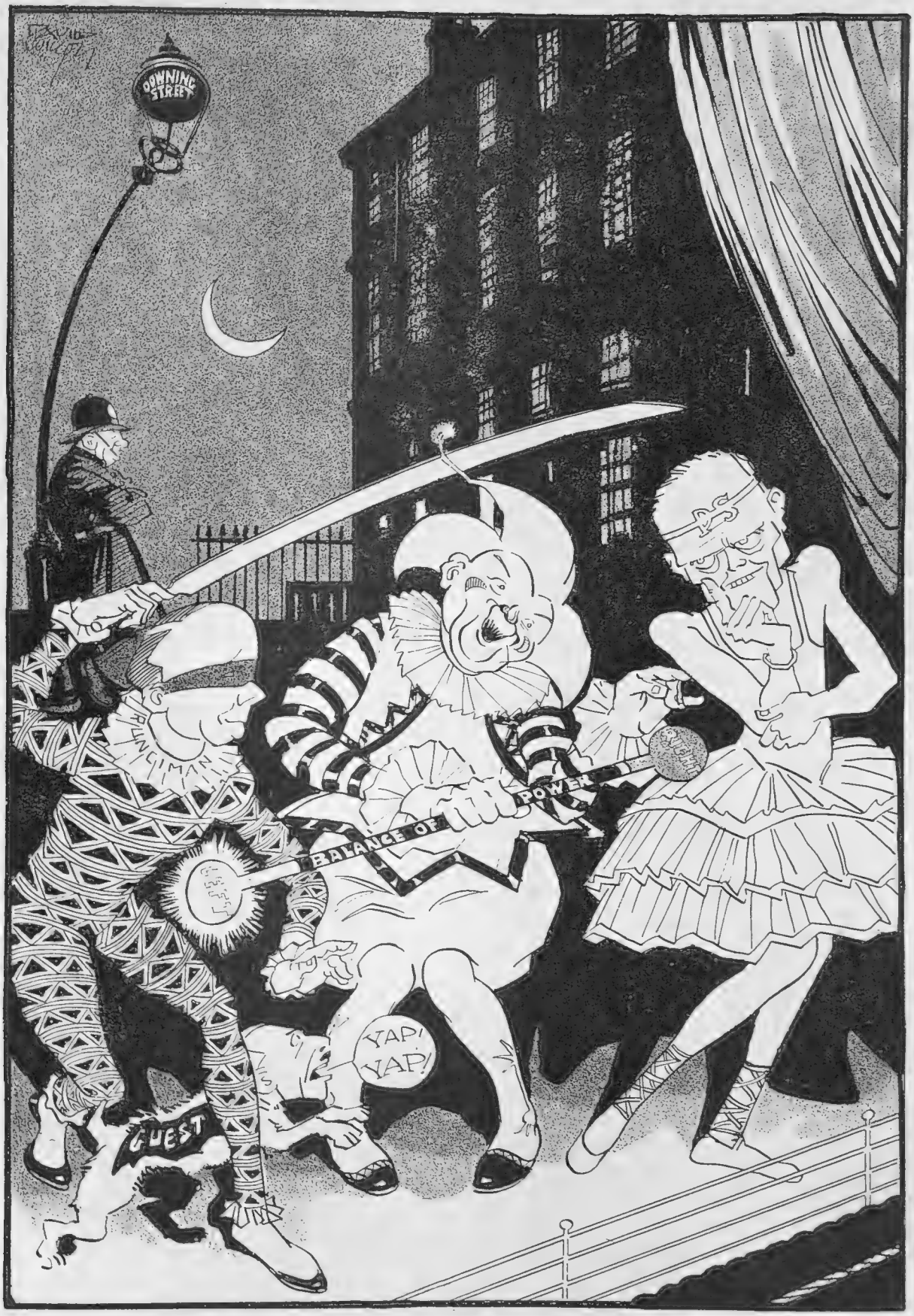
GEORGE WHITELAW
NORMAN KAY



BY DAVID WILSON

THE "POLITICAL PANTOMIME"—1929

ADVERTISING ENGLAND

By ROSEMARY

Illustrations by
HELEN McKIE

"They're going to advertise Britain . . on Continental railway stations"

THIS is 1929. It's quite true. Rub your eyes—if you want to see how much you *can* see after having seen it in last Monday—and look around. You see, it *is* a New Year. Just look at Parliament, that's enough to show you. The Peers are to be reformed and the Commons are to have women to feed with them in the Strangers Dining Room. And if that isn't enough to make many a sadder and a wiser man out of Members of "all the best Houses," Upper and Lower, or, as they used to say, Public and Private, nothing is.

PERSONALLY, we think it a pity about the Peers. Politics aren't so bright that we can afford to do away with anything that represents the picturesque. Everything else, after all, is represented. There's a Welsh Nonconformist Solicitor—"all terms of abuse, sir," said a Tory of the Oxford Union once to the President; there are Scottish Home-rulers, and all the ladies who got in on the amended slogan, Peace, *Bereavement,* and Reform. Being a Peeress almost compensates for being a woman, you know, in our democratic State. Providing always that she knows her place. One of the most bitter disillusions of a Constituent with a candidate was voiced by the chimney-sweep's wife who said of her titled M.P.: "Why, she speaks just like any ordinary person, like you or me." Well, well, the one thing to be hoped is that they won't adopt that appalling suggestion Gilbert made in *Iolanthe*—entrance to the Lords by Competitive Examination.

AS for the other, Place aux Dames at meal-times in the House—and Grace à Miss Wilkinson, who fought for years for it—it's a bit thick. In fact, truly that end of the wedge, for the Diehards always said it was the thin end when this business was started of Place aux Jeunes Filles at the ballot box. Makes your heart quite go out to some of them; they must be suffering so. Bad enough that Old Moore in his Almanack said there's to be a Socialist Government, but wasn't there some far worse prophet somewhere once who said there was going to be feminine Government? Not just in Westminster and round there, but everywhere and running everything.

TALKING of which anti-flapper Diehards, probably Colonel Gretton's mind has been taken off them for a bit by the engagement of his daughter Kathleen to Captain Sir Henry Floyd. That will no doubt be one of the best fixtures of the year for the followers of Society weddings. Always wonder where they come from, all the people who have time to wait in queues for functions in which they can have no personal interest; no doubt in private life they are the worst offenders in propagating that blackest lie: "My dear, *so* busy, no time for anything." But, anyway, they'll have a good list to look forward to, and back to, from political "high life." There was Sir Laming Worthington-Evans's son just a little while ago, and Mr. Geoffrey Bridgeman, son of the First Lord of the Admiralty, to marry Miss May Talbot. And then there's Lord Hailsham, the Chancellor himself.

AND—I *told* you it was the newest year for a long while—they're going to advertise Britain. Put pictures of it on Continental railway stations and personally conduct tours over it, and generally tell the world what a good spot it is. "For we are the people of England that never has spoken yet," as Mr. Chesterton

put it. Though *he*, probably, doesn't think we'll ever say much till our tongues are loosened by much beer and we stagger upon one of those roads that lead to Rome. Be which as it may, this notion of getting the foreigner over here and honestly turning his penny is an idea we are all for. But it will mean putting on our party frocks and manners and seeing in general that the "family hold back." We must put our nicest articles in the window. And that's another thing about the Peers, we'll lose all the American heiress traffic if we abolish *them*.

FRIGHTFULLY careful we ought to be, whatever else is allowed to slide, that no one is vulgar over the wire-

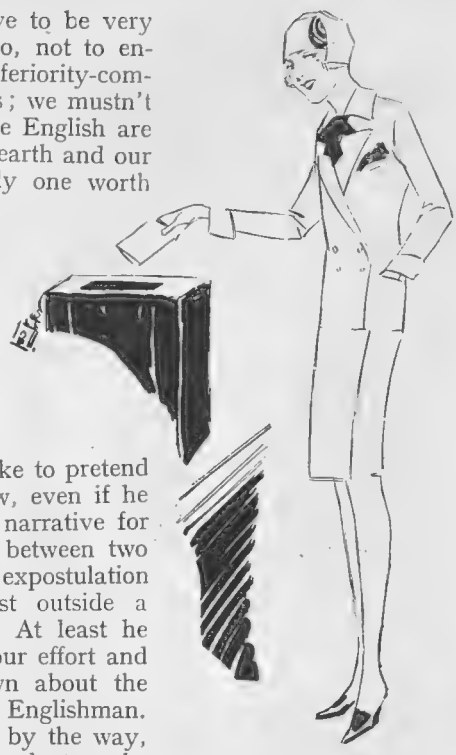
less when the B.B.C. isn't looking. Listeners-in had awful shocks last week because of broadcastings from a "Pirate" station. One owner of a crystal set couldn't repeat to the reporter who asked him what it was.

"Things that your paper never prints
But only mentions them in hints."

At all costs, I mean, we must see to it that a Frenchman doesn't hear anything that he knows already from his own music-halls. We ought to be careful of *agents provocateurs*, too; horrid it would be if anything was said likely to incite a Paraguayan unduly against a Bolivian, or vice-versâ; and not for anything would we be responsible for anything inflammatory from a Czech to a Croat, or v.v. Not to mention the Argentines—and the Greeks.

"On the Ice at Richmond"

WE shall have to be very careful, too, not to encourage any inferiority-complex in foreigners; we mustn't let them think the English are the only race on earth and our language the only one worth bothering to speak. Anyone who insists on this should be severely reprimanded in Esperanto. There is a chance that a foreigner may know what it is. He will at least like to pretend that he can follow, even if he does mistake the narrative for a little argument between two Gondolieri or the expostulation of an anti-Fascist outside a chemist's shop. At least he will appreciate your effort and tell his home-town about the politeness of the Englishman. Who *was* it said, by the way, that it takes forty poles to make one rood? Many, many less, surely, unless you have the temper of a Sir Eric Drummond, who is said never to be rude to anyone at all—and that at the League of Nations all the year round.



"Place aux Jeunes Filles at the ballot box"

MEANWHILE, unless you are bent on seeing your own *county* first at one of the hunt balls or the county balls fixed for this month, you will probably be preparing to go abroad. Or—which is an awful fate, say what the Come-to-Britains will—preparing to come back just when the fog-signals have got into tune and the Richmond Ice Rink is repeated on every pathway. Some bold spirit really should start a campaign for wearing her winter sports clothes over here. They are needed quite as much as in the accredited "cold parts." Indeed, half the time you are far less aware of the cold abroad than over here. Switzerland, for instance, gives you well-warmed houses, and you are so dressed when you do go out that you are never unpleasantly chilly. Of course, the fact that exercise is the order of the day naturally keeps you fit and not so susceptible to weather, but, all the same, surely more could be done to bring back cold-proof hints for use at home. Take the boot question, we still refuse to tolerate anything of a practical nature, and continue to wear our silk, or—worse when there's an east wind, but otherwise so very nice—chiffon-lisle stockings with our lightest shoes. Though it is coming it a little to pretend you are in Scotland, and, with the rich "bouquet" of a Harris tweed, wear the thickest of wool stockings. It is even being allowed, a friend writes, in Paris; the best quality and designs being as expensive as Lys silk. Still, there is plenty of justification for the wearing of Winter Sports kit now that the new Ice Club has been opened at Richmond. A wonderful stretch of ice is at the disposal of those who specialise in the Outside Edge—to say nothing of the novice—and the decorations and catering are so excellent that the Club is certain to be a big success.

Rosemary.

In this very Russian-looking photograph are Warner Oland and Lya De Putti, who star in "The Scarlet Woman." This story of the Russian Revolution is reviewed on this page

A BRITISH FILM DOES IT!

By AUBERON

THE story of this film is both entertaining and unusual. Sir Hugo Boycott and his wife Madeleine lead a tempestuous married life owing to the fact that her jealousy of his attractiveness for all women, and that they have no child. The family line is his obsession, and disappointed that his wife has not given him an heir, and tired of her jealous outbursts, he departs to Africa in a great rage.

GOADED to despair, Madeleine persuades her manicurist, who is going to have an unwanted baby, to let her adopt it, and by this deception accordingly the couple are reunited. Two years later she has a boy of her own, and Hugo decides to "put up" for Parliament, ably helped by his wife. Everything is going splendidly until Madeleine finds, by overhearing a conversation on the telephone, that her husband has been unfaithful to her. Tense scenes ensue, as he also accuses her of unfaithfulness quite falsely, but loyalty makes her stand by him through the Election, and on the night of his success he is killed by falling down a lift shaft. However, even his wife, who has loved him implicitly, is cured of her adoration by a further proof of his infidelity, and finds happiness with a very devoted and sympathetic admirer.

THE filming is splendidly clear, and the acting good all round. Several scenes were exceptionally clever, the telephone one where the wife is trying to get her husband's number and the figures of him and a girl speaking to each other appear in the background rises to genius. It conveyed everything to one in a moment with no effort, or needless "shots." A further masterpiece was shown in the lift shaft, which was too realistic to be pleasant.

THIS is quite the best English picture produced as yet, and I should most certainly advise everyone to go and see it for themselves directly it is shown to the public. It holds one's attention from beginning to end, and is a very formidable rival to many of the best American productions.

"THE Scarlet Woman" is a dramatic story of love, hate, and vengeance in the Russian Revolution, starring that very lovely lady, Lya De Putti. She acts delightfully, and looks, if anything, more devastating than ever, first as a little peasant girl, and afterwards as one of the chief revolutionists bedecked with gorgeous gowns and jewels seized from the unfortunate aristocrats.

I WAS also very much impressed by Don Alvarado, an exceedingly handsome young man, boasting the Ronald Colman moustache so popular with film heroes to-day. His performance of a proud Russian prince is sincere and pleasing, so much so that he should make a big name for himself, especially as a screen lover.

AS an antidote to charm we have Warner Oland in the *rôle* of a bloodthirsty rebel leader, who gives just the right touch of villainy to a most enjoyable and thrilling picture well worth seeing by the general public.

I TAKE off my hat, figuratively speaking, of course, to Mr. Miles Mander, who is responsible for the direction of this new Gainsborough production, "The First-Born," and who plays the leading male *rôle*. He has accomplished quite a work of art, and thoroughly deserves the success this film will surely bestow upon him.

ALSO I have nothing but praise for his charming Co-Star, Madeleine Carroll, who gives a perfectly splendid performance, and establishes herself as being quite one of the best British actresses on the screen to-day. She works really hard, and I was very favourably impressed by her attractive looks and graceful movements.

IT seems hard to realise that she has only lately taken to acting as a profession, and that a little while back she was a Girton student training for school teaching. She is natural and unaffected, but without any trace of amateurishness, a fault which is responsible for so many failures in the British movie world.

Pauline Frederick, as might have been expected, has been captured by the "talkies" and is here seen in "On Trial." The film is being shown at the Piccadilly

BY E. S. HYNES

SAILORS SUDDENLY LEAVING PORT

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

Mr. Pickwick

AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE

JACK CORPS AS THE FAT BOY

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

So this is Pickwick! According to Forster's "Life" the first drawing of Mr. Pickwick represented him as a long, thin individual. But at the instance of the publisher the drawing was amended to become a copy of a friend of his at Bath, "a fat old beau, who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters." The Mr. Pickwick subsequently evolved was, of course, no lady-killer, the damaging evidence of Mrs. Bardell to the contrary notwithstanding. As here represented by Mr. Charles Laughton, he is the comfortable embodiment of the easy-going old gentleman who, while properly deferential to the ladies ("bless 'em"), is more concerned with the success of his Club, and its record of stirring adventures by flood and field.

THE production at the theatre is happily kept to the form of the Pickwick Papers themselves. It is not so much a play as a series of more or less connected incidents in the lives of the immortal Pickwick and his friends. The adaptors have been commendably reluctant to lay too profane hands on the original text, so that as often as possible the dialogue is practically transferred from the book to the stage. We begin with Mr. Pickwick's arrival at the White Hart Inn, where he has the usual dispute with the usual cabman of the period with regard to the usual odd sixpence. Cabmen were famous in the old days for the robustitude of their colourful profanity, though here this picturesque detail is mercifully withheld. But the cabman, being one of the ancient breed, not only wants to fight Mr. Pickwick, but ropes Mr. Pickwick's friends into his own private ring, and settles half a dozen of them all with one comprehensive swipe.

THIS is the signal for the intervention of Mr. Alfred Jingle with his disjointed discursiveness, a part played with a fine spirit by Mr. George Curzon, who brings an outstanding distinction to the scene. Mr. Jingle shows at once that he is one of those men who are born to command—even if it is only the menu for mealtimes. There is a fine hilarity about the dinner at the Inn which pleases old-fashioned people immensely. It reminds them of a day when England was very English indeed, before alien money and machinations came upon us to bludgeon us into the ways of the anæmic. It is in the courtyard of the Inn that we get our first meeting with Sam Weller, an exceptionally fine piece of work by Mr. Eliot Makeham. Such a pleasant young fellow too, as the old lady said when the policeman cautioned her against trying to push motor buses out of her way as she crossed the road.

GEORGE CURZON AS JINGLE

MARY CLARE AS MRS BARDELL

THE scene in Dingley Dell has all the robust humour of the book. Mr. Winkle is there with his loaded gun pointed casually in people's faces, a weakness which has always been considered genuinely funny by humorists before and since Dickens's day. I believe the guns at a shoot qualify it differ-

ently, and more abruptly. Mr. Pickwick takes the part of a spectator in the sport, bringing up the rear of the guns in the barrow wheeled by the faithful Sam. Mr. Laughton is quite amusing here as, after some copious sips at a flask of punch, he endeavours to remember the words of a fine old song, the tune of which is running through his head. A little later the stirring words come back to him, and he chants, with the sweet innocence of the novice at that sort of thing: "We won't go home till mo-orning!" You could judge by the laughter around you that a great many people recognised the famous old Bacchanalian hymn. Some of them may even have sung it, in their unregenerate youth.

THE scene at the Manor Farm is another fine old English memory. We hear first of all the carol-singers outside, and then we get to the interior, where lavish hospitality is being dispensed on a scale that a four-shilling income tax no longer permits. The misunderstanding with the designing Mrs. Bardell is dealt with in another scene, the character being represented with the nice amplitude of the traditional landlady by Miss Mary Clare. Mrs. Bardell's costume includes the long muslin bifurcations of the period, which, reaching as they do to the ankle, naturally excite the derision of the knee-capped ladies of to-day who, as they sit facing you in a train or an omnibus, remind you of the aviator's slogan: "visibility good."

CHARLES LAUGHTON AS MR PICKWICK

THE scene of the "Trial of Bardell against Pickwick" has been performed often enough on the London stage, but as an essential feature of the Papers could not, of course, be omitted from this representation. Mr. Bruce Winston as Serjeant Buzfuz carries weight in every sense of the word, and I doubt if the famous speech has ever been better delivered. The exaggerated pathos and the emphasised absence of a sense of humour in the great advocate are exploited to the full. Mr. Winston throws himself, as it were, bodily into the speech. He talks with his head and his chest and his arms, while an occasional excess of emotion is reflected by the changing angle of his wig. It is a fine outburst of reckless oratorical energy, and is deservedly greeted at the close with a storm of applause.

ELIOT MAKEHAM AS SAM WELLER

IN the last Act we see Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet Prison for debtors. This has now been wisely abolished, since, in our time, it would accommodate only a very small proportion of those qualified for such meagre hospitality as it had to offer. Mr. Pickwick's meeting with the volatile and none too scrupulous Alfred Jingle is very interestingly presented, while the famous intervention of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, those doubtful ornaments of the Law, is a necessary part of the scene. Mr. Charles Laughton makes an ideal Pickwick, with his rotund figure and his easy assumption of the guilelessness of the lovable old gentleman.

WE often hear talk of a "Dickens Christmas" which is usually associated with the rather attenuated sentiment of the "Carol" and Tiny Tim. But Pickwick, who is, as it were, the very Dickens, is a very happy substitute for the usual fare, and it will no doubt be appreciated not only by the middle-aged who revere the English tradition of beef and beer, but by the younger generation also, to whom its humour will be comparatively new, as humour must be that never seems to grow old. Above all, the entertainment concerns a day when England was very, very English, and as such is something to be cherished in these Jixotic days when England is no longer free!

JINGLE.

A PEEP AT

Dorothy Wilding

This year Robinson Crusoe has emigrated from his South Sea Isle to the Emerald Isle, where he is installed at Dublin. Gladys Carleton, who plays the worthy mariner in question, is seen above in a costume which would doubtless have delighted Defoe with—we must say it—"a friend"

Central N...

Jean Collin as Beauty receives the advances of the Prince (Dorothy Seacombe), who apparently hales from the Balkans, with becoming modesty. This touching scene is enacted twice daily in the Lyceum pantomime "Beauty and the Beast"

Claude Harris

The immortal "Cinders" is seldom away from Town at Christmas time. This year she is dressing her Ugly Sisters and riding in her pumpkin coach to the Court ball at the Scala Theatre, where Iris Adair, seen above, appears in the name part

The bucolic idyll portrayed above is one of ... Mackinlay is presenting at the Rudolf St...

CHRISTMAS PLAYS

L.N.A.

Peter Pan is still refusing to grow up, and this year he is registering his protest at the Garrick Theatre. Peter (Jean Forbes-Robertson) and Wendy (Mary Casson) are seen above on one of the islands in the Lagoon watching the rising tide

Janet Jevons

"Yo ho! Yo ho! the Frisky Foe": Malcolm Kean as the Old Etonian pirate, Capt Hook, in "Peter Pan," who dreads nothing but the Crocodile

L.N.A.

...nes included in the series of children's matinées which Miss Jean Stirling ...ll. It is that old favourite, "Where Are You Going To My Pretty Maid?"

Janet Jevons

Dorothy Ward, that Prince of Principal Boys, is playing in "Cinderella" at the New Empire, Liverpool this year. She makes an attractive Prince Charming as is proved by the above photograph

if... gossip

MISTRESS: "I can't recall this lady to mind from your description. Are you sure she knew me?"

NEW MAID: "Oh, she knew you all right, madam. 'ow long 'ave you been 'ere?' she ses. 'A day,' I ses. 'Well, I give you a week,' she ses. Yes, she knows you!"

WELL, children, here we are at *dix neuf vingt neuf*, as the Frenchman said when he ran to catch the 7.29 for *hors d'œuvre*, home, and the remains of his first wife's temper. But there will be some wives, and others, to whom this first month of 1929 will mean much more than that of 1928. The 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards is on its way home from China, as well as other drafts, so the mistletoe can be brought out afresh, if such old-fashioned means are ever employed as an incentive to parting with a little lip-salve these days. We only hope the dear boys have not contracted too many Eastern habits out in Shanghai. Luckily, if any of them start calling out in their sleep upon any of the Chinese birds and flowers they may casually have met, such as "Poo-Poo," "Ptsin-Ptsin," or "Ptwee-Ptwee," their devoted wives will suffer no misgivings. They will only think their poor husbands are suffering from indigestion.

THERE are so many circuses about these days we hardly know at which one to begin. They poured us into the Underground circus at Piccadilly the other afternoon, and we might still be there for all we know. They have made the Underground look so like the Overground we wonder they do not continue with the idea and sandwich another city upon us. However, let us to a real circus, let us move on to the lions at Olympia. Let us meet Togare, the lion-tamer, born in Herzgovina, but otherwise unrelated to Omar Khayyám or Rabindranath Tagore. Think of all the lion-tamers you ever knew — excluding Lady Colefax and Miss Elsa Maxwell—and then add some. Togare is like none of those. He is young. He is handsome. His teeth gleam against a sun-dusted skin and his eyes gleam all over the place.

Alexander Corbett

Fred Terry as Sir Percy Blakeney, the immortal hero of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." He has returned to the West End after a long absence and is now presenting this "thriller" of the French Revolution at the Strand Theatre

Did not the Queen of Spain say to him after a performance in Madrid, "I see you have it in your eyes." She did (or else the Press agent lies in his teeth). What Elinor Glyn would say we don't know. She'd probably swoon for three weeks. When he was in Russia women stood for hours hoping to see him. (Tallulah Bankhead ought to try this market.) But Togare prefers lions. Probably there's some hope of recovery from a lion bite.

One day a woman disguised herself as a journalist—this is a Russian story, not ours—and succeeded in entering his dressing-room. Togare was furious. She fell on her knees

we must . .

and begged forgiveness. "Just put me among the lions," she cried, "where I can see you." And he did. He locked her up in a cage for the night. She's given up journalism now. No, if Mayfair wants to lionise Togare they'll have to do it at the Zoo, though you might catch him for tea if you said "Come to Lyons," but even then we doubt it.

S

Now we are on this fascinating subject of lions and the like, let us see how the methods of Togare, which necessitate courage, kindness, energy and patience, compare with lion-taming hostesses. One of these, not so very long ago, wished to gather at her luncheon Mr. Bernard Shaw and Dean Inge. This is how she did it. She wrote two letters. First to:

Dear Mr. Shaw,—I wonder if you would care to come and lunch next week. Dean Inge is coming, and I feel sure you might be interested to meet him.

Then to:

Dear Dean Inge,—Mr. Bernard Shaw is lunching with me next week, and I should be so delighted if you would care to come and meet him.

Then she sent them off *by the same post*—and, we are told, both came!

S

Lord Danesfort, we see, has been attacking the circus exhibition of performing animals on the grounds of cruelty. We had the curiosity to look up, in *Who's Who*, Lord Danesfort's recreations. Hunting and shooting, we read. Now, somehow, we feel, that seems to stem the full force of his lordship's argument.

S

The Editor rang us up the other day. It's one of his worst habits, and we're trying to break him of it, but up to now we haven't succeeded. "Just go along and get an interview," he said. We thought of saying "Go along yourself!" but we have found he does not always appreciate our little fun. So away we went, looking to right and left for something to interview, and suddenly came to Wardour Street. This being the time when so many rush into fancy dresses—and some have hardly undressed from those they put on for the Chelsea Arts New Year's Ball—what could be better than seeing the king of *perruquiers* and fancy dressers?

There he sat, behind his untidy desk and amidst the dishevelled paraphernalia of wigs and masks and theatrical "props," this amazingly old-young man, with fresh pink cheeks and blue eyes almost hidden behind a forest of grey beard. His tail-coat was draped around an office stool, and an old rug around his knees to keep away the draughts that blow from ever-opening doors.

S

"Father started the business in William the Fourth's time," he began.

"That's right," we said, "keep it royal, the Editor loves Royalties."

"I was born in the shop in

By A. R Cane

Wrathful Producer: "Good heavens, man, don't kiss her as if she were your wife. Imagine she's someone else's!"

Stage Photo Co.

Greta Fayne, who plays Lady Moira in "Lucky Girl," adds considerably to both the humour and the beauty of this musical farce. Having changed its home at the end of last year, it is now in residence at the London Pavilion

IF GOSSIP WE MUST (Continued)

Wellington Street, and when I was thirteen——"

"Eighteen thirteen?"

"Come, come, I said Wellington Street, not Wellington, Waterloo, even though I have dressed the Military Tournament for the past thirty-four years.—And Miss, just take this upstairs, will you, and then go to Miss So-and-So to fit that new wig.—And as I was saying, Queen Victoria was my first customer. I did all the *tableaux vivants* at Osborne. And Vesta Victoria, she's just been in; what a pity you missed her. Jackie Coogan, too; he wanted to look like a kid again. Took us about two hours. But just come upstairs a second and have a look at my pictures."

Togare, the lion-tamer, whose good looks have made him something of a "lion" himself

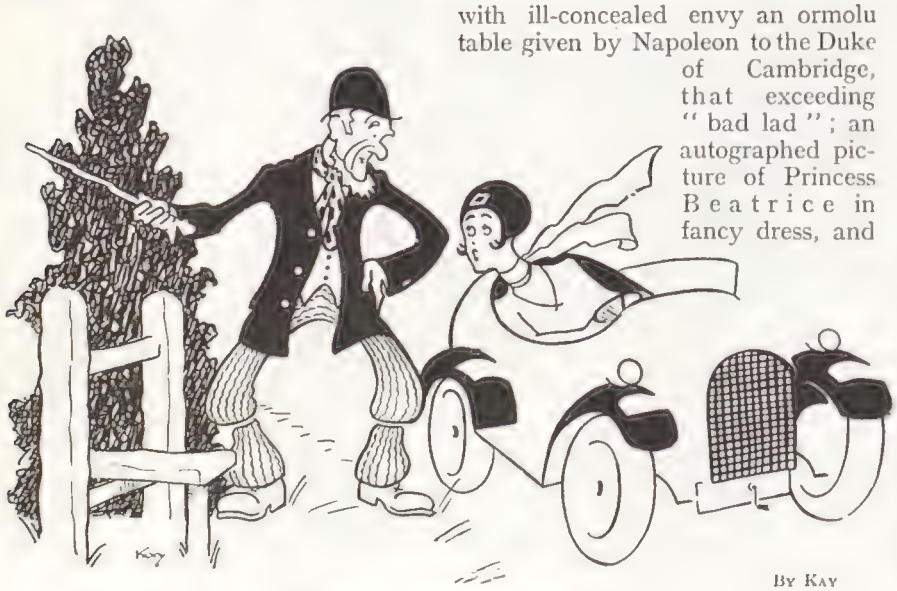
UP we went to the famous flat above the Wardour Street wigs, but we had to wait. Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., was borrowing a few hours from her legislative duties to see her children fitted for a fancy dress party. While we waited we turned the pages of a scrap-book. Pictures of Toole, Patti, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Eleanora Duse, Dan Leno, Irving, Beerbohm Tree, Ellen Terry, and Bernhardt, Bernhardt, Bernhardt all the time. He had made wigs and costumes for all of them. Five hundred for Sarah, which were given back to him after her death, now he has four hundred and ninety-nine, having presented one to the Comédie Française. All of them, at some time, have been to this flat with its Victorian furniture, its knick-knacks, and goldfish. Goldfish, we think, are his hobby. Then we saw one of His Majesty, signed "George" with the habitual two-line flourish underneath. Though this was taken many years ago, it showed how little fashion has altered the King's clothes. The trousers, as to-day, were pressed with the crease at the side instead of in the front. Nearby was a group of King Edward, the Kaiser and Kaiserin, Queen Alexandra, the King and Queen of Spain, the King of Portugal, and the Queen of Norway, at which we gazed with reverence, and at two paintings of the Bernhardt.

THE FIRE BIRD

See pages 24-25

PRINCE IVAN, hunting in the forest, tracks down a beautiful bird with flame-coloured plumage. After a vain effort to escape the bird pleads for her liberty, and in return for her release gives the Prince one of her feathers as a token, telling him to call upon her for assistance when in danger and at the same time to produce the feather. Shortly after the Prince gets into the power of an Ogre living in a neighbouring castle, who turns his victims into stone. Petrified from the feet upwards, the Prince at length remembers the Fire Bird's warning, and before his arms are entirely paralysed grasps the feather and, waving it aloft, calls for help. The Fire Bird immediately appears and counteracts the spell.

with ill-concealed envy an ormolu table given by Napoleon to the Duke of Cambridge, that exceeding "bad lad"; an autographed picture of Princess Beatrice in fancy dress, and



By Kay

"Can you direct me to Bumbleton?"
"Aye, missie. This be it!"

THE story goes back to a summer day at Miramar. We were lunching at one of those brightly coloured villas overlooking the sea when, over the liqueurs, came the voice of London. At least we thought it was from Savoy Hill. But not so; it was but a gramophone record played through a reproducer from an adjoining room. The scene shifts from cerulean skies to the Coliseum. "Herb" Williams has let his cat out of the piano. The orchestra is giving its customary interlude, when suddenly—or shall we say electranomically — came the voices of Derek Oldham and Winnie Melville, in selections from "The Vagabond King." In our innocence we looked for them until we found they were but a record electrically transmitted and reproduced, just as our dance music had been on the Riviera.

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT LIVES

(No. 3)

BY H. H. HARRIS

SIR JOHN LAVERY DECIDES TO PAINT ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF LADY LAVERY

THE FIR

An illustration to the old Russian folk-tale of Prince Ivan an the

BY WARWICK GOBLE

RE BIRD

the Fire Bird. A brief outline of this story is given on page 22

Player's Please!
"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

PARIS GOSSIP

SNUBS, SNOBS AND SALES

By JAY MARTIN *Illustrations by SCHUS*

"AMERICANS in Paris," a young Russian was telling me, "make me tired. If you speak to one American woman about another she turns up her nose and says, 'Oh, she was *nobody* at home!'" After that profoundly true remark another guest at this rather particular party came over and said to the Russian, "Cyrille, I want you to meet that perfectly charming Russian woman over there across the room." "I don't want," said Cyrille, "to meet any more Russians in Paris. I knew everybody back in Russia, and any Russians whom I don't know I don't care to meet."

"Ha! ha!" I laughed my best sarcastic laugh. "The Great Brotherhood of Man. Please look embarrassed." He did. Especially when he found out that the charming Russian woman was a Chilean.

SPEAKING of the international aspect of what used to be the Capital of the French, I saw the lovely Princess Bibesco the other day. I mean Marthe, the Rumanian one, who writes in English for the American *Saturday Evening Post*, and in French for the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. Her next book is to be called "Au Bal Avec Marcel Proust." The Princess told me that Proust was a great friend of her cousins, who were many years older than herself. "They introduced me to Proust," she said, "at a ball, and he wanted me to stay to talk with him. But I said I would not dream of such a thing, as the other guests might suspect me of being intelligent, and after all I was at that party to have a real good time." "Oh," I said, "he should have been the one to worry over the effect of talking to you." "Why?" she asked me. "Because there is a saying 'It is all right to like a girl who is pretty. And it is all right to like a girl who is clever. But if you meet one who is pretty *and* clever . . . run like hell!'"

"'*I don't want*' *said Cyrille, 'to meet any more Russians in Paris!*'"

JACQUES-EMILE BLANCHE, who has painted the portraits of everybody, from Oscar Wilde and George Moore down to Ida Rubinstein, and who writes marvellous criticisms on other artists, was at a party the other evening, and looked thoughtfully at Madame A B C. "Ah, Madame," he said, from the depths of his critic's mind and artist's eye, "what, *what* a beautiful portrait I could have painted of you . . . fifteen years ago!" The lady answered, in a tone of ironical sympathy, "Ah, Monsieur Blanche, have you no longer any talent?"

"'*Signez, s'il vous plait,*' *came the voice from the beard*"

AFTER one of the big pre-holiday charity fêtes the crowd quite naturally dispersed to various restaurants. One group, I am told, went down to Maxim's, and one of the brightest men in the party cavorted

PARIS GOSSIP (*Continued*)

blithely all over the place minus his trousers. Of course the manager protested, but the gentleman argued that, all in the name of sweet charity, he had auctioned off his trousers for several thousand francs. "Vanity . . . I mean Charity, what crimes are committed in thy name," muttered an onlooker. "Charity begins at home," counselled the manager of Maxim's. So the philanthropist took the hint and went home.

As my readers—and I hope I do not flatter myself—will be clustering these days about country house fireplaces, here is just a cheery word to pass on among the fellows. At the dress rehearsal of "L'Amour en Coulisses," a friend asked Mademoiselle Rachelle Boyer what, in her opinion, was the difference between a husband and a lover. "The difference is as great," she answered, "as day and night . . ."

In preparation for the holidays an American in Paris cabled home for money. (What else would he cable home for, anyway?) For in France everybody goes out on a bender to make whoopee on Christmas Eve, besides New Year's Eve. As he knew his family well, but not nearly so well as they knew him, he was not sure that they would wish him a financially Merry Christmas. However, just to be his optimistic little self, he went out on a wild party after sending off the wire. He awakened with a terrible head, and only woke up at all, in fact, because of many loud, authoritative knocks upon his door. "*Entrez!*" he called out feebly, expecting the worst, which probably would be his morning coffee, as nothing could be worse than that, even in the best of Parisian hotels. But it was worse than that. There stood a tall, stout, bearded official in impressive uniform, holding legal-looking papers in his hand. The partly conscious culprit tried to recall the evening, or night, or morning, or whatever it was, before. Had he killed, had he even punched, anyone? For to punch somebody is, in France, attempted murder. A guillotine wavered before his feeble vision. With a great glow of courage he got out of bed and put on his overcoat. "I am coming right with you," he said in sad, resigned tones to the official. "Signez s'il vous plait," came the voice from the beard. He signed what he felt was to be his death-warrant. "Voilà . . . merci . . . monsieur!" said the morning visitor, who thereupon departed. The speechless American opened an envelope. It was a special delivery letter from his blessed bank, saying that a perfectly grand sum of money had been deposited to his credit. So he went right out and invited everybody to a surprise party given in his own honour.

Sasha

Dora Stroeva, the brilliant singer, who is as popular in Parisian cabaret as she was in London. She is appearing at the Blue Room in the Rue Caumartin

There is one French idea about giving presents that is both ingenious and convenient. Until recently it was only the children who received presents at Christmas. Their elders exchanged gifts at New Year. The last year or two people give presents at either holiday. I shall use this more elastic custom to my own advantage. For if I receive anything for Christmas that I do not like I shall give it away, with the air of a grand seigneur, for New Year's. These mid-year days and nights are too dizzy. The strange Dora Stroeva, who was formerly at "Chez Fysher," with her tragic eyes and smiling mouth, black *tailleur*, red scarf, and guitar, is singing at the Blue Room in the Rue Caumartin.

Before leaving for Cannes Lady Colebrook left at "Mercator," in the Rue de Colisée, some beautiful screens and boxes covered with old maps. Reboux has produced a little brown hat made of antelope that is a knock-out. The Princess Hélène Obolensky has opened a novelty shop in the Rue de Saussaies. "Chiquito," the Basque bar and restaurant in the Rue de Colisée, has opened again. It is the most perfect scheme in modern decoration I have ever seen, and the crowd that goes there is one of the lowest. You cannot get one girl-friend over the telephone after nine o'clock in the morning, as they are all out to acquire beautiful useless dresses and things that the big dressmakers are selling awfully cheap. Police have to be especially detailed to handle the crowds that have assembled. The joke is, nobody wants to be seen attending these sales, but all the same they meet all their friends. And, of course, they all give the same silly excuses for being there.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst evidently thinks that the Anglo-American Press in Paris did not do the right thing by his employée, Horan, who helped himself to that so-called secret naval pact. Mr. Hearst is so annoyed that he has forbidden any of his Paris staff to attend any official gatherings of the newspaper crowd. The other fellows think this is much too ridiculous for words, and manage to see the Hearst outsiders at unofficial meetings, principally those held in the bars along the Rue Dounou, where they surely feel so very much more at home, anyhow.

English and American flags should be over every theatrical success in Paris: Maugham's "The Circle" at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre; "Broadway" at the Madeleine; "Volpone" at the Atelier; and best of all a *reprisé* of Edward Sheldon's "Romance," translated by de Flers and de Croisset, at the Athènée. It is a long time since I have seen so enthusiastic an audience. For with the final curtain the audience, instead of scrambling out, stayed in, stood up, and clapped like thunder for Madeline Soria, Lucien Rosenberg, who is her off-stage husband, and Paul Bernard. I had gone to a matinée performance and was so *emotionée* that I didn't know *what* to do. It had really been too sadly beautiful to face a Sunday afternoon tea-dancing crowd.

THE HUMOUR OF STARR WOOD

"I 'ear as 'ow ol' Fred's got a job as'll last 'im three years"
"Strewth! Who said so?"
"Mr. Justice Avory"

"Wot mikes yer think as Eva is catty?"
"Well, she's been and wrecked nine lives already!"

The BLACKMAILERS

By

T. G. Clark

"'Come in and take a seat. Will you have a cigarette?'"

"An individual has called to see you, my lord," said the butler in a disapproving tone. "He gives the name of Thompson, and he says that he has an appointment." His voice made it quite clear that he did not believe either of these statements, and that if they were true he would like them even less than he did.

"Quite correct, Bissett," replied his master; "ask him to come up."

Bissett's face grew a shade more disapproving than before. "Very good, my lord," he murmured resignedly as he moved towards the door. His worst fears were justified. With any master less eccentric he would have no hesitation in turning the Thompsons of this world from the door without a tremor. But with Lord Bernard you never could tell. Neither in his visitors nor in anything else did he conform to the standard which the higher butlerdom expects. "But there," as Bissett was wont to say in his more expansive moods, "you've got to make allowances when you're in service with a Public Character!"

A Public Character Lord Bernard certainly was. Bissett recognised it, so did Mr. Thompson; so, also, not least, Lord Bernard himself. None of the three could have said exactly why, but every journalist in England worth his salary knew that to Lord Bernard Ballington and his every doing great or small was attached a high and permanent news value. In a word, he was "news."

To be the younger brother of a marquess, still under forty, well-off and good-looking at that, is an enviable state and worth an occasional paragraph in any column of Social Jottings, but that was not enough to explain it. There are other marquesses in England, and even dukes for the matter of that, and quite a number of them have brothers, but in the eyes of every sub-editor in the kingdom they must yield pride of place to Lord Bernard. Others might struggle for a place in the public eye; he simply was in it, unquestionably, as though by some inherent right.

Admittedly he was not the cleverest nor the most useful of his class, or even of his family. He left it to his elder brother, the Marquess of Middlesex, to devote the best years of his life to grinding toil in Parliament and to win the praises of the Cabinet as an Under Secretary, and to his younger brother, Lord Arthur, to gain the D.S.O. at Ypres and a bar to it at Cambrai. He had nothing to show for his celebrity. None the less, when he married one of the prettiest (and wealthiest) girls in England quite two-thirds of the vast crowd that blocked the approaches to St. Margaret's had come to see the bridegroom rather than the bride. And if that is not celebrity I do not know what is.

Bissett, his face positively lowering with disapproval, conducted Mr. Thompson into his master's comfortably furnished study. The visitor's appearance seemed to justify his gloom. He was a short, shabby, sallow-faced man, with a nose unpleasantly askew, eyes considerably too close together, and clothes that smelled faintly of whisky. He seemed, however, to be the one person in the world whom Lord Bernard was most anxious to see. To Bissett's disgust he was greeted like a long-lost friend.

"Come in, my dear fellow!" cried his lordship cheerfully, "come in and take a seat. Will you have a cigarette?"

Mr. Thompson seemed as much taken aback by his reception as the faithful Bissett himself. Declining the proffered cigarette, he seated himself uncomfortably on the extreme edge of a chair and waited until the door had closed behind the outraged butler before he spoke. Even then he seemed to have some difficulty in putting into words what he had to say.

"I have come to see you, my lord," he began at last, "about"—he glanced nervously at Lord Bernard, and then let his eyes wander uncertainly about the room—"about——" He paused again.

"Yes?" Lord Bernard helped him out affably. "I have your letter here asking for an appointment. 'Certain information,' you say, don't you?"

"Information, yes." The word seemed to give the visitor courage. "That's just it. I 'ave—have—certain information, my lord, which is of a rather private nature concerning yourself, and which information——"

"Which you are prepared to sell me, I suppose?" asked Lord Bernard.

"Not exactly that, my lord," was the reply. "Not exactly that. The information which I 'ave is information which your lordship 'as already and others 'aven't, and I've come 'ere to find out just what it may be worth to your lordship not to let those others know it."

Lord Bernard shrugged his shoulders. "Put it that way if you like," he said airily. "I was only trying to spare your feelings. Good heavens! Do you think I've never been blackmailed before?"

Mr. Thompson was somewhat taken aback, but he stuck to his guns.

"My information relates to a certain Miss Poppy Plan-

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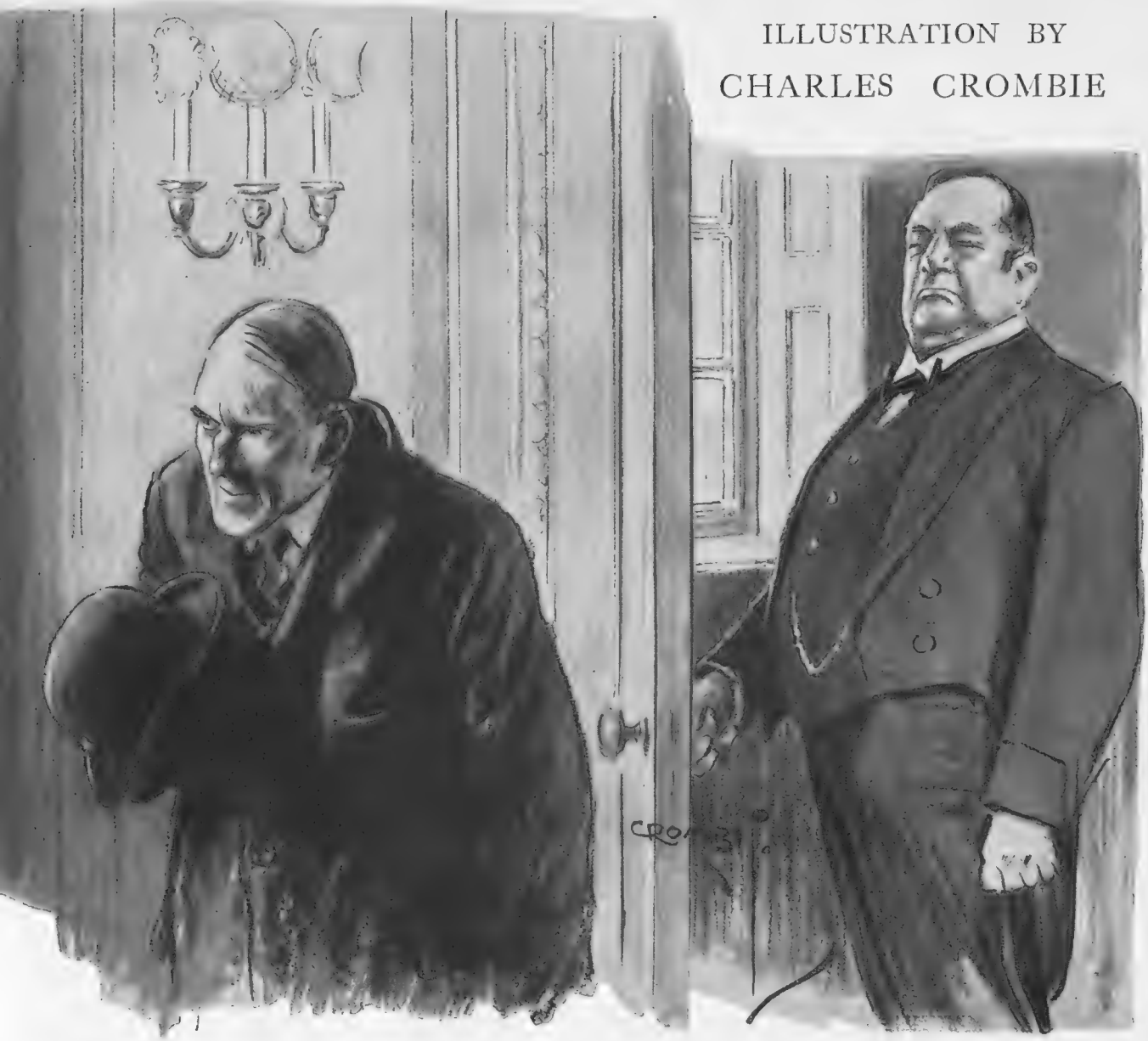
ILLUSTRATION BY
CHARLES CROMBIE



tagenet," he went on, "now dancing at the Melodic Theatre, Piccadilly."

Lord Bernard rose to his feet and went to an antique bureau which stood against the wall at the far end of the room.

"Please go on, my dear fellow," he called over his shoulder. "Don't mind me; I'm listening."

Somewhat disconcerted, Mr. Thompson went on:

"My information relates to the parentage of this young lady. It is to the effect that you are her father——"

"And her mother a landlady's daughter at Oxford, since deceased," rejoined Lord Bernard, returning from the bureau with a number of papers in his hand. "Quite correct. I suppose Mrs. Gubbins has been talking, as usual? A dreadful nuisance to Poppy, having a grandmother like that. Never mind, she'll drink herself to death before long." He sat down again at his desk and looked across at his visitor. "Well, Mr. Thompson, you were saying——?"

"I was saying," said Mr. Thompson doggedly, "or rather, I was going to say, that this was information which you, as a newly married man, and as a well-known man, might be glad to keep from the world, and more particularly from 'er ladyship. And that it might be worth to your lordship—shall we say a thousand pounds?"

His lordship shook his head. "We shall not," he replied firmly. "Five hundred is my regular tariff for blackmail. One must have rules, you know, or the thing gets beyond all bounds. Do you agree to five hundred?"

Somewhat to his own surprise Mr. Thompson nodded.

"Very good," said Lord Bernard. He produced a fountain pen and picked up a sheet of paper which he had taken from the bureau. "And understand this. I don't allow blackmailers to become pensioners. Of course, I'm making no suggestion against you personally, Mr. Thompson, but I have heard of cases where gentlemen with information to sell have come back for more. So if you don't mind signing this——"

He pushed the sheet of paper on which he had been writing to the disconcerted Mr. Thompson.

"I think I've got your name right, haven't I?" he asked; "Albert Edward Thompson, and the address at Brixton Hill. I've put a twopenny stamp at the place where you sign."

Mr. Thompson found himself confronted by a typewritten document in which his name and other details had been filled in in ink. It ran as follows:—

"Whereas I, Albert Edward Thompson, of" (here followed Mr. Thompson's address) "am in possession of certain information relating to" (here there was a blank in the typescript, and Lord Bernard had filled in "the parentage of Miss Poppy Plantagenet") "and tending to the prejudice of Lord Bernard Ballington, now therefore I, the said Albert Edward Thompson, in consideration of the sum of £500 (five hundred pounds), the receipt whereof I hereby acknowledge, and in consideration of the earnest request of the said Lord Bernard Ballington, hereby agree not to divulge the said information to Lady Bernard Ballington or any other member of the family of the said Lord

Bernard Ballington. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19 ." (Lord Bernard had added the date.)

Mr. Thompson regarded this document with disfavour.

"Neat, don't you think?" remarked Lord Bernard genially. "I do like to have things done in a business-like way. I'm not a lawyer, of course, so I daresay it's dreadful rubbish really. But I must say I think it reads rather well. Now," he went on, producing a cheque book, "I suppose an open cheque will suit you. It's what I usually do, you know. Payable to bearer."

He wrote the cheque as he spoke, and then held out his hand for the typewritten undertaking. Mr. Thompson meanwhile had said nothing. He sat silent, his lips moving slowly while he pored over the document. Finally he shrugged his shoulders in a resigned fashion and placed his sprawling signature across the stamp which had been thoughtfully provided for him.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "And much good may it do you! Now, where's the money?"

Lord Bernard took the paper, folded it carefully, and locked it away in his desk.

"Money, my dear Mr. Thompson?" he said gently. "Money? But you've had it."

"What d'yer mean?" asked the other fiercely.

"You *have* had it; you've just said so. 'The receipt whereof I hereby acknowledge,'" quoted his lordship with relish. "A charming phrase, and one that would be accepted against you anywhere, I am afraid—in any court of law, at any rate."

"Court o' law be damned!" shouted Thompson. "If you don't want that nice young wife of yours to know all about Miss Poppy inside of twenty-four hours you'd better hand over that cash."

Lord Bernard smiled indulgently. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I'm afraid there is nothing about Miss Plantagenet which would be news to my wife. I always think that on marriage a man should make a clean breast of things. Don't you agree?"

Mr. Thompson did not attempt to answer the question. Instead he said between his teeth: "I can make your dirty name notorious, anyway, you damned double-crosser!"

"You seem to forget that it is tolerably notorious already," replied Lord Bernard easily. "I notice that I was described in a paper last week as one of the three best-known men in England, and upon my soul I believe it is true. No, I am sorry, but I can't agree with you that anything you can do will affect the reputation I have in the eyes of the public. To them I am an aristocrat, and therefore immoral. In fact, they would be rather disappointed if I were not. As for my family and friends, well——"

Mr. Thompson interrupted him eagerly. "Ah! your family and friends, my lord; that's just it. You've got to keep it from them, 'aven't you?" he said. "I can make things pretty unpleasant for you in that direction, I fancy."

Lord Bernard raised his eyebrows. "Do you?" he asked gently. "I am sorry to disillusion you, but I am afraid you will find yourself mistaken there. I don't want to be snobbish, my dear Thompson, but you must remember that the circles in which I live have not, perhaps, the same high standards as those to which you are more accustomed. I fear that Mayfair has regrettably lax views about affairs of this kind." He paused, and then added thoughtfully: "In more middle-class neighbourhoods the views of conduct are much stricter, I am told. In places like Brixton Hill, for example."

Something in his tone made Mr. Thompson look up.

"What are you talking about," he demanded.

"About Brixton Hill," replied his lordship, "and more particularly about a little newsagent's shop there, which does quite a good trade, I am told, in a highly respectable neighbourhood. Mrs. Thompson runs it most efficiently, I am sure, but do you think the neighbours will deal with her so readily when they hear that her husband has changed his address to Brixton Gaol?"

Mr. Thompson leapt to his feet with an oath. "What d'yer mean?," he shouted.

Lord Bernard was imperturbability itself. "What I say," he replied. "You have been good enough to sign a paper which, combined with the letter you sent me—and my evidence, of course—will send you to a much less comfortable place than Brixton Hill for a very long time."

"You can't fool me that way," sneered Thompson. "You'll never dare to prosecute."

"Won't I?" was the answer. "On the contrary, it will be a new and entertaining experience to me. My knowledge of the law courts has so far been confined to two divorce cases and a libel action in which I gave evidence. This will be a pleasant change. Do you think I care for publicity? My good man, I live on it! You can no more harm me by threatening me with exposure than you can hurt a fish by pouring water on it. Oh! I shall enjoy it, I can assure you." He paused, and fixed Mr. Thompson with his eye. "Whether you will enjoy it quite so much is another question, of course," he added.

Thoroughly discomfited by now, Mr. Thompson made no answer for a time, finally blurting out, "What are you getting at, anyway?"

Lord Bernard had not removed his eyes from his victim's face. His expression, from being airy and whimsical, had become set, and when he spoke there was a new quality of sternness in his voice also.

"I am getting at you, Mr. Albert Edward Thompson," he said. "At you and at your unsavoury goings on. At present you are only an amateur blackmailer, and a very inefficient one; but in time you may become better at the job, and therefore dangerous. I have taught you a little lesson to-day, and, like all lessons, it has got to be paid for. I suggest that for this one you pay—shall we say fifty pounds?"

"Fifty pounds!" Thompson screamed.

"That was the figure I suggested."

"But I 'aven't got fifty pounds!" shouted the wretched man. "What are you talking about? I'm a poor man who 'as to earn 'is living. What do you mean with your fifty pounds? Look here, my lord, let me go now, and I promise——"

"You had fifty pounds from young Charles Rimington yesterday," said Lord Bernard coldly. "And you are not leaving this room until you have given it to me. Unless, of course, you prefer to let the law take its course."

"Of all the dirty tricks!" cried the other. "Why, this is——"

"This is blackmail," finished his lordship calmly. "Of course it is. This is blackmail as it is practised by those who know the art. And kindly note that I am offering no receipt. Also that I do not promise that I will not return for more should I hear that you have any more from that source."

Two minutes later Lord Bernard sat alone listening to the front door close behind his visitor. On his desk lay a bundle of Treasury notes. For a moment he sat musing, toying with them in the manner of a man trying to make up his mind. Then he smiled.

"After all," he said aloud. "why shouldn't young Rimington pay for his lesson as well?"

He touched the bell. Bissett entered, flushed and disapproving.

"Has Mr. Thompson gone?" asked Lord Bernard.

"He *has*, my lord," replied Bissett, with an emphasis that was a reproach in itself.

"Good! I don't think we are likely to be troubled with him again. Oh, and, Bissett! How is your wife?"

"Much better, my lord, thank you for inquiring. The doctor now pronounces her to be convalescent."

"I'm delighted to hear it. Now I fancy that a holiday at the seaside is what she wants. Take her away for a fortnight, Bissett. It will do you both a world of good. This ought to be enough to see you through. Catch!"

The astonished Bissett found himself with fifty pounds in his hands. There were, as he remarked that evening to his wife, many consolations in being in service with a Public Character. T. G. C.

MUMM'S THE WORD!

Sasha

Betty Balfour, the English screen star whose latest British film is "Champagne," poses symbolically for the camera. She is at present filming in Vienna

DANGERS MENACING EVE

By GERALDINE PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

AMERICA is a nation to whom we should ever be grateful for the marvellously entertaining stunts which she launches upon the world. By no means the least entertaining being that amazing character Aimée McPherson. Mr. Beverley Nichols, in his brilliant book of essays on America, "The Star-Spangled Manner," assures us that she was billed in the States as "The Evangelist with the Sex Appeal." This startling description appears to have offended no one, shocked no one, and, above all, to have caused no flicker of a smile among the other evangelists! To-day we learn that an United States judge has given "an historic decision." A couple applied for divorce. They had been married three years and had three children. The judge said: "I refuse to grant you a divorce and impose upon you three years' birth control." Whether there were grounds for divorce is not mentioned; and imagine for one delirious moment an English couple allowing their marital life to be regulated by law. Truly a marvellous nation!

THERE is another subject interesting the American people—"companionate" marriage. This appears to be a union wherein each side is economically independent, the man having no responsibility in connection with the support of his wife; and at the slightest cloud on the matrimonial horizon separation or divorce is to be mutually agreed upon. I have just seen in a daily paper the picture of an American couple who have entered into this "companionate" contract, and after a year's marriage it is still "a complete success." I see no reason for excessive pride and jubilation—even nowadays most marriages survive a year. On looking more closely into the face of the young bridegroom one realises from his expression of general weakness and vacuity that the great and joyous clause in this contract is that he does *not* have to support a wife. By no other means could he ever have achieved matrimonial bliss—he looks barely able to support himself. I can only surmise that this idea of "companionate" marriage originated among clever and wealthy women in need of a husband, but not gifted with psychological powers. The practical result of such experiments must, in normal cases, be chaotic. Man, if he be worthy of the name, is a generous animal, ready to give largely where he loves. Consequently, could anything be more depressing for him than to hear his wife harping with pride on her economic independence, her capacity to support herself?

THERE is another grave danger to matrimonial felicity — the growth of a sense of humour among women. Of itself it is one of the world's greatest gifts and a wonderful protection against the unpleasant jolts of existence. Only *when* will women learn the art of quiet laughter, secretly enjoyed? No one in this world likes being laughed at, however well they may conceal the fact; to laugh at a man in love or a husband requires that courage which verges upon stupidity! I know a most charming and delightful woman, but she cannot restrain this dangerous imp of humour. It lurks eternally at the back of her eyes and in the quirk of her mouth. Most decidedly fascinating, in any mixed gathering hers would always be the most interesting and attractive personality; but just think of how many intimate and entertaining conversations *à deux* must have been ruined by her laughter. Always at the most exciting point of a flirtation the tactics of her admirer inspire her with most unromantic mirth, but the sentimental atmosphere is immediately destroyed, and, presumably, the offended young man departs in a huff. In fact, an exasperated admirer who managed to retain some shreds of his own humour christened my friend "The woman who always laughs in the wrong place."

ALTOGETHER this great and glorious movement, the "Emancipation of Woman," about which we have heard so much during the last few years, has many drawbacks from the feminine point of view. The more thorough the education the greater the critical faculties—and there are always men to be criticised. Women may in time lose the art of subtlety, and she was never so powerful as when her activities were mole-like. Worst of all, she may become logical.

LET us then thank America for the excellent jokes she perpetrates, but do not let us take her sexual experiments too seriously. "Companionate" marriage and enforced birth control are hardly likely to appeal to the average Englishman who still retains romantic traditions and a healthy desire to live his own life and serve those he loves.

By MACMICHAEL

Our artist's impressions of "Twelfth Night" as played by the boys of Forest School with the customary excellence with which they interpret Shakespearian drama. Forest School has performed a Shakespeare play from as far back as 1860, the play of that year being "The Merchant of Venice"

BY JACK GREENALL

"That's Doris de Rio the actress"
"Really? Has she appeared in anything big?"
"Ra-ther! A whole page advertisement for shampoos and a booklet for skin soap!"

THOSE MEYNELL PEOPLE

HUNTING NOTES by ARTHUR W. COATEN

G.P.U.

Sir Harold Nutting, Master of the Meynell, discussing the day's programme with the huntsman, Peter Farrelly This was at the recent meet of the Meynell at Kedleston, Derbyshire

Well Mounted

WHEN I first knew the Meynell country its followers had the reputation of being as well mounted as any field in the kingdom. You will still find a grand lot of hunters at the meets of the pack. Members of the Hunt cannot find it easy to follow the high standard set by the Master, Capt. Sir Harold Nutting, who mounts himself and his hunt servants in immaculate fashion. I remember the wonderful prices made by the Meynell Hunt horses when they came up to "Tatts" last summer. Twenty-seven of them realised an average of over 300 guineas, so it was one of the most remarkable sales of the season. The next sale of the Meynell horses will be well worth waiting for, for they include a number of point-to-point winners, and nearly all are tip-top performers.

A Popular Master

SIR HAROLD and Lady Nutting have a hunting box at Rolleston-on-Dove, on the Staffordshire side of the country. The present Mastership dates from 1920, and has been one of the most successful in the very long history of the pack. Peter Farrelly came to the country after Sir Harold had been two years in office. I doubt whether there is a better man at his job anywhere. Farrelly is a born huntsman. He gets on well with everybody and shows topping sport, so naturally he is a great favourite with all who ride with the pack. He gets on well with the farmers, too. He is a genius with hounds: all dogs love him. Taken all round, the people who compose the Meynell field are a most sporting and considerate crowd. They consist largely of landowners and permanent residents in the country. Their one idea is to help the Master to show sport. Sir Harold is lucky in the support he has received from non-hunting landowners as well as from those who do hunt. He is fortunate, too, in having such a splendid lot of farmers to deal with.

Country Described

MUCH the same sort of horse as in Leicestershire is ridden with the Meynell Hounds. Perhaps it is a more difficult country to get over than that which we find in the heart of the Shires, as it is more trappy and less straightforward, though probably not so big. Still, it has its big side, and this, curiously enough, is not the most difficult side of the country to negotiate. A horse needs to be clever and perpetually looking at what he is doing. Enclosures are very small, and it is the worst gated country in England; in fact, there are no gates that work! Therefore, a horse gets more practice jumping here in a month than he would get in a season in many other countries. You will guess that you must have something good in the way of a performer with the Meynell, and, what is more, your horse must be fast, as the hounds go like the wind on a screaming scent.

Best Men to Hounds

IF I were asked to say who are the best men to hounds among the regular followers of the Meynell I should be inclined to divide the honours fairly evenly between three. One is Capt. W. B. Feilden, son of Sir William Feilden. Another is Capt. E. Mosley, a younger son of the late Sir Oswald Mosley; and the third is Capt. T. Pearson, son of Sir Louis Pearson. These three are real top notchers, and would stand out in any country. Another well-known figure with the pack is Mr. E. Phillips, of Bearwardcote, near Derby, who is as brave as can be.

Sport and General

The Hon. Diana Allsopp, who goes well with the Meynell. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hindlip

THE BUCCLEUCH'S "BUMPER" MEET

Photographs Ian Smith

Two very interesting personalities photographed at the St. Boswells meet of the Buccleuch. On the left is seen Lord Burghley, the world-famous athlete, and above is his fiancée, Lady Mary Scott. She is the fourth daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch

Photographs

LADY MINTO WITH HER TWO LITTLE DAUGHTERS

Topical

GENERAL MAXWELL SCOTT, THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH AND LIEUT.-COMDR. AND LADY MARGARET HAWKINS

Some photographs of the recent meet of the Buccleuch Hunt at the Kennels, St. Boswells. This was one of the biggest meets that the Buccleuch has had for years, and took place after the Hunt Ball at Selkirk

THE POST-SHERLOCKIANS

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

They do things quickly these days. On November 29 last the Prime Minister made an after-dinner speech at the American Society. Naturally, he had something to say of American genius, in which connection he mentioned Edgar Allen Poe, who was very nearly, if not quite, the inventor of the modern detective story. He also mentioned Poe's "successor," Anna K. Green, whose most famous story, *The Leavenworth Case*, he considered to be "one of the best detective stories ever written." This opinion was duly reported in the newspapers. It reached the ears of an enterprising publisher who takes a godfatherly interest in good "thrillers." As it happened, Mr. Gollancz, a mere babe amongst publishers, had never even heard of *The Leavenworth Case*, but knowing that Prime Ministerial recommendations can work wonders, he decided to resuscitate Mrs. Green—the lady, by the way, is still alive—and resuscitated her in the record time of a week.

❊

Printers, binders, advertisers, publicity people and the rest were given six full working days, and at the end of that period copies of *The Leavenworth Case* (Gollancz: 3*s.* 6*d.*), nicely printed and neatly bound, were ready for delivery. Quick work, surely! Mr. Gollancz is to be congratulated on his enterprise, and I, for one, would not think of blaming him for giving Mr. Baldwin rather more prominence than Mrs. Green on the book's jacket. Mr. Baldwin is certainly more important than Mrs. Green. But whether his opinion of the book will be widely shared by a public which has advanced so far beyond Sherlockian standards is another matter. For myself, I read *The Leavenworth Case* some thirty years ago, and was thrilled. I read it again last week, and found it dreadfully long and only mildly exciting. But, historically speaking, the book is not unimportant. It must be one of the first of the "modern" detective stories with their complicated technique and their complicated clues—or clews, as I suppose I ought to write the word—and for that reason alone your "detective fan" may find in it the interest of a genuine antique.

❊

For a really up-to-date experiment in such work I commend to your notice Dorothy L. Sayers's new book, *Lord Peter Views the Body* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Now Mrs. Sayers knows every trick in the trade. Very rightly and properly she is to give us later on in the year a life of Wilkie Collins, who in his way was a master of thrills and the father of a whole school of sensational fiction. Already she has shown that she can turn you into an amiably bewildered Watson whenever she likes. She is well capable of devising the most ingeniously false clues, and, more important, she can invent a detective who is neither Holmesian nor Father Brownlike nor Poirotical nor Sexton Blakish. But in this new book of stories, all of which have one

MRS. DOROTHY L. SAYERS

Whose new book, "Lord Peter Views the Body," is reviewed in this article. It is published by Gollancz at 7s. 6d.

Lord Peter Wimsey for their rather whimsical hero, a mere mystery is not enough. Sometimes, in fact, there is hardly a mystery to be found. And yet, even when you are more or less certain all the time what has happened, and ultimately find that you have not been mistaken, the queer thrill that you get is no less on that account.

❊

The writing is excellent, and that helps. But there is something more than good writing: there is a weird atmosphere hanging over these stories. Lord Peter is not viewing any particular body, but he is involved in the most unexpected adventures. You have only to read the titles of some of the stories to know that this book is not the usual sort of "thriller." "The Abominable History of the Man with the Copper Fingers," "The Vindictive Story of the Footsteps that Ran," "The Piscatorial Farce of the Stolen Stomach." They sound Chestertonian, but are not. I confess that I looked for the usual false clues, and made up my mind to be disappointed when they so rarely appeared, but before very long I was being comfortably seduced into reading every word in the book. It is really a most splendid entertainment, and it seems to me that if our detective stories are to undergo yet another change in technique, Mrs. Sayers may well be the pioneer for whom so many "fans" have been waiting.

❊

Borrowing Mr. Baldwin's words again, "I still think one of the best detective stories ever written" was Brian Flynn's *The Billiard-Room Mystery*, though I cannot say whether my opinion is widely shared. That story satisfied every one of my requirements, including the crash of real surprise at the end. His new book, *The Mystery of the Peacock's Eye* (Hamilton: 7*s.* 6*d.*), is not quite so good, though the surprise is duly forthcoming on page 303, and I confess that I never had an inkling of the real villain until Mr. Flynn chose to tell me his name. Also, I must acquit him of any form of cheating: he plays absolutely fair. Perhaps it is that he has included too many complications. More probably, however, I am still thinking of *The Billiard-Room Mystery*, and judging the new book by too stern a standard. It certainly makes very good reading.

❊

On the other hand, I find G. H. D. and M. Cole's *Superintendent Wilson's Holiday* (Collins: 7*s.* 6*d.*) slightly disappointing. Mr. Wilson himself is an admirable detective, but these short adventures of his are rather too true to type. But he is still alive, and if anybody has the ill taste to blackmail me I should probably be glad of his services.

❊

The Confessions of an Incurable Collector (Chapman and Hall: 21*s.*) is the work of Desmond Coke, best known for his novels and school stories, but also a connoisseur of the championship class. Most books of this kind bore me. I hate to be told that a man has secured a great treasure for practically nothing when I might have got it myself. I hate to be told what is "good" or "in the fashion" or likely to be valuable in the future. But Mr. Coke's book is quite different from every one of the others. It is full of delightful suggestions, but Mr. Coke will not worry if you take no notice of them. He does not care what you collect so long as you understand a little of the joy of collecting. And I am bound to say that after reading these very cheerful confessions you will be the poorest of worms if you do not begin collecting at once. Rowlandson drawings and old silhouettes—Mr. Coke's two chief loves—may be beyond your purse, but there are plenty of less expensive delights.

BOOKS REVIEWED

The Leavenworth Case. By Anna K. Green. (Gollancz: 3s. 6d.)
Lord Peter Views the Body. By Dorothy L. Sayers. (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.)
The Mystery of the Peacock's Eye. By Brian Flynn. (Hamilton: 7s. 6d.)
Superintendent Wilson's Holiday. By G. H. D. and M. Cole. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
The Confessions of an Incurable Collector. By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall: 21s.)

Interesting "Makers of Books" of the Hour

Lenare

Miss Margery Lawrence, whose new book, "Drums of Youth," is to be published shortly by Hurst and Blackett. Miss Lawrence's last novel was "Bohemian Glass," which fully maintained her reputation as a novelist. In private life she is Mrs. Arthur Towle

Keystone

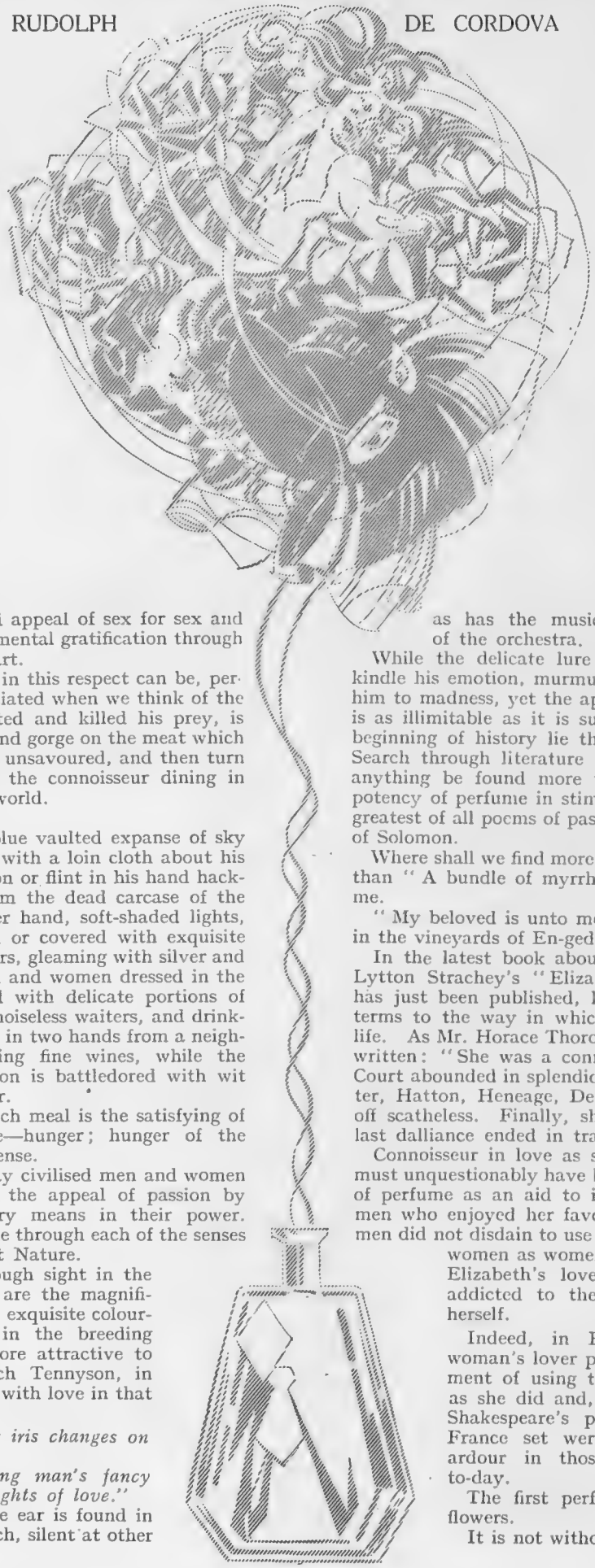
Mr. Michael Arlen and his wife photographed amid the snows of St. Moritz, where this famous author is enjoying a holiday though, perhaps, it is not so far a cry from Mayfair to St. Moritz as it seems, since all Society is taking advantage of the "super" snow in Switzerland this season

Lafayette

Miss Barbara Cartland, the authoress, who in private life is Mrs. A. J. McCorquodale. She wrote her first book when she was twenty-one, and her third, which is due to be published this week, is entitled "If the Tree is Saved." Barbara Cartland has also written a play, "Blood Money," which was produced at the Q Theatre

The LURE *of a PERFECT PERFUME*

By RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA



THE relation between perfume and passion has always been as notable in literature as it is in life.

It is inevitable that this should be so, for literature crystallises into words the emotional facts of life from the heterogeneous mass of the commonplace which surrounds them as surely as the sun evaporates fluids and deposits the glistening crystals which were dissolved in it.

Just as man rising higher and higher in the scale of evolution has acquired the art of beautifying these crystals so as to enhance their brilliance, so his æsthetic sense has beautified the natural appeal of sex for sex and made it a minister to his mental gratification through the refining influence of art.

How far man has gone in this respect can be, perhaps, most readily appreciated when we think of the savage who, having hunted and killed his prey, is content to sit by its side and gorge on the meat which he devours uncooked and unsavoured, and then turn our eyes to contemplate the connoisseur dining in any civilised city in the world.

What a contrast!

On the one hand the blue vaulted expanse of sky overhead and the hunter with a loin cloth about his body, a rough knife of iron or flint in his hand hacking bits of raw meat from the dead carcase of the animal, and, on the other hand, soft-shaded lights, the table highly polished or covered with exquisite lace, decorated with flowers, gleaming with silver and glass, surrounded by men and women dressed in the height of fashion, served with delicate portions of daintily cooked food by noiseless waiters, and drinking, not water scooped up in two hands from a neighbouring river, but sipping fine wines, while the shuttlecock of conversation is battledored with wit from one side to the other.

The ultimate aim of each meal is the satisfying of the same natural desire—hunger; hunger of the stomach, hunger of the sense.

In exactly the same way civilised men and women have sought to enhance the appeal of passion by beautifying it with every means in their power. That appeal which is made through each of the senses can be traced throughout Nature.

Familiar instances through sight in the lower realms of creation are the magnificent mane of the lion, the exquisite colouring of the male birds in the breeding season to make them more attractive to the female, a fact which Tennyson, in "Locksley Hall," linked with love in that famous couplet:

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnish'd dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The appeal through the ear is found in the song of the birds which, silent at other times, discourses most eloquent music in the wooing season when "the voice of the turtle is heard in our land," while the appeal through the olfactory sense is perhaps the strongest and most urgent of all.

How powerful and far-reaching it is was suggested by Mr. Robert Chambers, who used the strange aromatic aroma emanating from a certain moth to attract its fellow as the basis of a brilliant short story.

This olfactory appeal is undoubtedly the one on which man has played as multifarious and inexhaustible sexual harmonies as has the musician on the instruments of the orchestra.

While the delicate lure of woman's beauty will kindle his emotion, murmuring love words stimulate him to madness, yet the appeal to sense by perfume is as illimitable as it is subtle. Back in the very beginning of history lie the records of its potency. Search through literature as one may, where shall anything be found more vividly suggestive of the potency of perfume in stimulating love than in that greatest of all poems of passion, the duet of the Song of Solomon.

Where shall we find more pregnantly beautiful lines than "A bundle of myrrh is my well-beloved unto me.

"My beloved is unto me as a cluster of camphire in the vineyards of En-gedi."

In the latest book about the Virgin Queen, Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex," which has just been published, he refers in no uncertain terms to the way in which passion dominated her life. As Mr. Horace Thorogood, in reviewing it, has written: "She was a connoisseur of men, and her Court abounded in splendid men. She loved Leicester, Hatton, Heneage, De Vere, Blount, and came off scatheless. Finally, she loved Essex, and that last dalliance ended in tragedy."

Connoisseur in love as she undoubtedly was, she must unquestionably have been as great a connoisseur of perfume as an aid to increase her effect on the men who enjoyed her favour. In those days, too, men did not disdain to use the same means to attract women as women did to attract men; and Elizabeth's lovers were undoubtedly as addicted to the use of perfume as she herself.

Indeed, in France at that time a woman's lover paid her the subtle compliment of using the same kind of perfume as she did and, as constant references in Shakespeare's plays prove, the fashions France set were followed with no less ardour in those times than they are to-day.

The first perfumes were, undoubtedly, flowers.

It is not without an alluring significance

that Aphrodite, the Queen of Love in the Grecian Heaven, whose name has become synonymous with every device for stimulating the love-sense, should have the rose for her emblem and to be represented by the artists as cinctured with a rose wreath about her waist, thus lending its fragrance to the whole of her exquisite body.

When science came to help Nature in preserving the fragrance of blossoms various devices were employed to obtain the essential oils not only from flowers but also from leaves and plants, and even from animals. Later, a member of the Frangipani family invented a sweet-scented powder which has immortalised his name. His grandson conceived the idea of dissolving it in spirits of wine, and the lesson he taught has been applied to produce more delicate and subtle effects than were possible when the cruder and heavier extracts were used.

In France the art of distilling and blending flowers was probably due to a young Florentine whom Catherine de Medici took with her when she went to that country to marry Henry II. His tiny shop in time became a fashionable rendezvous, and since then France has always been celebrated for its perfumes.

To such an extent was the love of these delicate odours carried that Louis XV ordered the use of a particular kind on each day, with the result that his Court became famous as "La Cour parfumée."

To-day the cult of perfumery has reached its apogee in the hands of such men as M. Caron, who, with his colleagues, has acquired a rare art in the blending of perfumed oils and floral essences. Among his productions particular mention must be made of "La Nuit de Noël," and "Les Pois de Senteur de Chez-moi."

So great an artist is he that he can produce a subtle perfume for the use of each individual woman in exactly the same way as a great *couturier* will design a frock to bring out the allure of her personality.

The idea of an individual perfume is, of course, not new, for women have always aimed at being as distinctive in it as in their dress. Indeed, half a century ago that great French dramatist, M. Sardou, in his play known to our stage as *Diplomacy*, caused the theft of an important document to be brought home to the woman who had stolen it by the scent she always used.

Occasionally people are heard to say that the perfumes made by M. Caron and the firms of his calibre are expensive. The statement is ill founded. Although at first sight the price may seem high, the products of these firms follow the law which is expressed in the familiar phrase with which everyone is acquainted: "The best is the cheapest in the long run."

The reason is that one needs to use such an infinitesimal quantity at a time that a bottle lasts so long that, in the end, it is far more economical than cheap scent, which can always be recognised as such and is not lasting. Of any of the characteristically beautiful bottles which contain the exquisite Caron perfume it may truly be said:—

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

"Les Pois de Senteur de Chez-moi"

In addition to its purely physical effect there is a remarkable psychological side to the use of perfume, namely, its power to excite the memory, to call back the days that are not, and to make the imagination recapture—

"The touch of a vanished hand,
The sound of a voice that is still,"

in perhaps a greater degree than that exercised by the stimulants of its sister senses, seeing and hearing.

Literature, like life, teems with instances in which a faint whiff of a perfume used by some dear one in the long ago has brought back to the memory moments pregnant with joy or poignant to the verge of tears into whose bitterness Time, with healing hand, has brought the balm distilled from the tree which made sweet the waters of Marah.

That there is an art in the employment of perfume need hardly be said. Time was when it was "laid on with a trowel," to use a familiar phrase, but, of course, the modern woman has grown far too subtle to make such a mistake.

True, she still uses it as that old world sister of hers in the Song of Solomon used the "bundle of myrrh," but the quantity she employs for the purpose is very small.

Instead, too, as in the old days, of saturating her handkerchief with scent she uses only a tiny drop of it dabbed behind her ears, on the palms and backs of her hands, with a touch on her lips to heighten the rapture of her kiss, on the inside of her nostrils to ensure that perfumed breath which in the Restoration plays was always used as an incentive to passion, and in her hair.

"La Nuit de Noël"

Unhappily, having shingled her locks, her lover can no longer shut himself out from the world in their tangled masses, and no modern Ulysses addressing his Calypso can declare, as did Stephen Phillips's hero—

"Thy hair blows in my face
And all the odour goes to my brain."

With untold centuries of heredity to guide her in her love conquest of man, woman has learnt that it is in its suggestive allusiveness rather than in its prodigal employment perfume stimulates passion to its highest and most glorious manifestation.

R. DE C.

A RUGGER REVERIE

CHRISTMAS PUDDING PLAY

By PENDARVES

THEY untie the knots in their faces about 10 a.m. on Boxing Day; see it raining like Hades; hear a wind whistling round the 'ouses; remember certain portions only of last night's various entertainments, and try to forget them; have a vivid recollection of yesterday's interminable meals; drink copiously out of the tooth glass; fumble for the safety razor (rotten blade)—and realise the imminence of to-day's game. How can any man be expected to play decent Rugger on Boxing Day? Yet they are. You hear these sort of pathetic dialogues proceeding in certain dressing rooms round about 2 p.m.

"I'VE got the most appalling indijaggers and shall be very ill indeed on the touch line—anyone mind?."

Approaches at this juncture the Dressing Room Bore. He used (long before your time) to play in the front row of the scrum, and was said to possess a useful upper-cut. All he does now, however, is to wear a club tie and a pair of bestial plus-fours, which accompany him, hanging down almost to his ankles, up and down the line with a touch flag at all home matches. He stands on your shorts, lights a foul pipe all over you, and says: "Two members of the Selection Committee just arrived in the stand, young feller-me-lad."

"I can't help that; serve 'em right; what's it got to do with me, anyway?"

"From what I hear it has a great *deal* to do with you, old chap," replies the Oracle meaningly.

"Oh, go away, you make me tired; and I'm damn tired already."

He wanders along the dressing room line with a shrug of pessimistic shoulders; and you see him whispering to men who are bending over boots. They glance sharply in your direction, and you see their lips forming the reply "Not a hope."

Then is the winter of your discontent at its gloomiest and most grim.

HOWEVER, this Christmas pudding play is soon over; and beyond saying that no man should be expected to turn out in an important game on Boxing Day, we may as well leave it at that; drawing a discreet and sympathetic veil over what happened to certain prominent players on a certain London ground on the day in question. In the full glare of publicity, and before two pairs of Selection Committee eyes! I watched those eyes from time to time. They were expressionless, as good selective eyes should be. But the owners must have been thinking quite a lot.

AND, anyway, next Saturday will settle the matter finally for thirty men in England and thirty in Scotland. An infernal nuisance these two final trials taking place on the same day; as I want to be at Murrayfield AND Twickenham, and I can't. Perhaps if the Scottish Union had known this . . . ? But the canny Scot has come out into the daylight with Scotland's probable team at last. A formidable team it is, too. If finally selected as it now appears it will make the Frenchmen think a lot at Murrayfield on January 19—the day England plays Wales at Twickenham. Here it is; and the italics are those of an impertinent Sassenach who has watched them all at various times.

Full-back, R. C. Warren: *A very sound player who puts up consistently fine shows for the "Accies"; good successor to Drysdale, who seems to have gone at last; requiescat, etc.* Three-quarters, Ian Smith, G. P. S. McPherson, W. M. Simmers, E. G. Taylor. *Presumably McPherson has been put in to feed Ian Smith, which he does very well; one imagines they don't want him to tackle anybody; not his métier. Simmers is the best centre three in Britain after Aarvold. The Oxford captain, Taylor, loves a wet ground and will probably get it.* Halves, R. H. Brown, J. B. Nelson. *Curious why they have dropped Waddell from both sides. Jimmy Nelson is as good as he ever was, which is saying more than a good deal.*

FORWARDS, J. M. Bannerman, J. Beattie, R. J. Henderson, W. N. Roughead, G. C. Scott, W. B. Welsh, J. Graham, R. W. Wright. A hefty lot. There is pace as well as weight here and much individual brilliancy. Bannerman's light will shine if he can reproduce his Varsity match form, which was terrific. They have relegated David McMyn to a secondary place with "The Rest," which seems a pity. And they are giving Crichton-Miller, the Cambridge forward, a chance therein.

By STANELLI

"Henry, I've been asked to take part in some amateur theatricals. What do you think people in Hampstead will say if I appear in tights?"

"Probably that I married you for your money!"

The proceeds of the Seven-a-side Competition which was held last April under the organisation of the Middlesex County Rugby Football Union were allocated to the Middlesex Cancer Hospital, and have now been handed over to it. The amount received was £3,053 6*s.* 4*d.*, the competition receipts being £1,390 15*s.* 1*d.* and donations £1,662 11*s.* 3*d.* The latter list is still open, and it is requested that all further contributions may be sent direct to the House Governor, Middlesex Cancer Hospital, Nassau Street, W.1.

John Stuart, the well-known British Film Star, who plays the lead in "Smashing Through."

"Whenever I'm tempted to '*nibble*', Jenkyn—*I light up a Kensitas!*"

It's a great pleasure to meet a rising British Film Star, Mr. Stuart.

Thank you, Jenkyn. And it's a pleasure to meet *you*. I've often wanted to tell you how enthusiastic I am about Kensitas Cigarettes. In my profession you've got to be always at the top of your form—sound in wind and limb and trained to the last ounce. No fattening food for me. No nibbling between meals. Whenever I'm tempted to nibble or eat rich courses, I light up a Kensitas. It satisfies my craving and it doesn't put on weight. And Kensitas don't hurt my wind or my heart or my nerves. Great cigarettes for actors, athletes and everyone, Jenkyn.

* * *

Of course, a reasonable proportion of sugar in the diet is recommended, but the authorities are overwhelming that too many fattening things are harmful and that too many such are eaten. So, for moderation's sake, I say don't nibble—smoke a

don't nibble—smoke a

KENSITAS

100% *Real Virginia Tobacco—no substitutes—20 for* 1/-

"RUNNING-IN" THE NEW YEAR

MOTOR NOTES by E. M. WRIGHT

A Morris Minor photographed in the South of France. This car did a trip from Oxford to the Riviera and back in seven days

IT would be asking too much of any man that he should put into practice the pious resolves he made while toying with the Haggis on New Year's Eve. That feeling of high purpose that comes with the *n*th nip of whisky goes, I fear, with the first twinges of the headache which must inevitably follow.

If, therefore, I make suggestions for the New Year do not regard them as being anything more than an easy means of whiling the time away, particularly as what I propose is not intended for myself, but for *you*.

* * *

IN times past, when the motorist was a hardy Spartan, and perhaps a little more conscientious in such matters, New Year advice was concerned chiefly with questions of car maintenance. Accustomed as he was to drive in cars open to the icy blasts of the winter wind, it was a mere nothing for him to spend hours in the motor house on a frosty morning overhauling the car as he was bid. Under this head came such duties as cleaning out the oil sump (ugh!), changing round the tyres, washing the upholstery, adjusting any play in the rear axle, and endless other nasty jobs of this kind.

* * *

IF you must be conscientious—the mere word makes me shiver—send your bus to a garage, where you will find queer misguided folk who do this sort of thing because, presumably, they like it, and do it, let it be whispered, better than you would yourself, unless you happen to be that rarity these days, a motorist who really does know something about the working of his car. If, however, you really do want to do something to make you feel right with the world here are three perfectly good resolutions that it might be worth while making, and perhaps keeping for a month or two.

Be it resolved, therefore, that you do:—

(1) Look to the pressure of your tyres once a week (that is, if you can remember).

(2) Top up the batteries.

(3) Go round the car with the grease gun once a week for, say, the first six weeks out of the fifty-two.

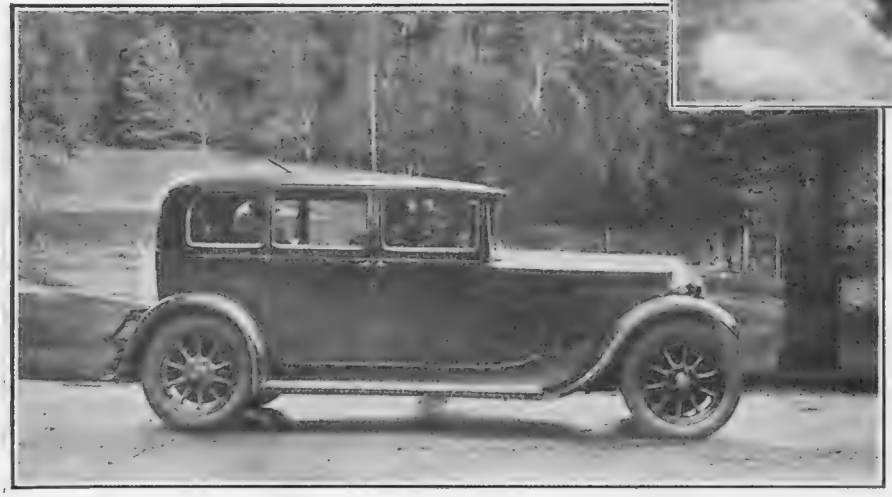
* * *

BUT what sorry stuff this is with which to hail the glad New Year! It is when you come to consider the driving of the car that you discover really promising subject matter for your New Year resolutions. But before we come to the rather delicate question of what you yourself should resolve to do, or not to do, let us for a moment turn our attention to the passengers. For my own part, I am resolved that when I am driving my brother Jim shall not sprawl all over the front compartment, twining his long legs about the controls.

Secondly, my Aunt Agatha, even though she does drive a fourth-hand 1919 bus, shall not tell me incessantly what I am to do next; nor shall she show signs of panic at the sight of every other harmless motor; nor, lastly, shall she expect me to take an intelligent interest in the doings of her neighbour's cat when I am threading my way through a crowded market place.

E. M. W.

A 15·7 Crossley Six photographed making a splash in life. It is negotiating a watersplash in Hertfordshire



A handsome car photographed amid handsome scenery. It is a 20/65 h.p. Humber Saloon on a picturesque Worcestershire road

THE tenth edition of Waterston's Motor Car Register, published annually by George Waterston and Sons, Ltd., St. Bride Street, London, E.C., and 35, George Street, Edinburgh, is indispensable for the motorist, giving as it does a complete yearly record of the work and expenses of your car in the simplest form, much new information and many improvements. In five styles of binding, prices range from 5*s*. 6*d*. to 16*s*. Postage 6*d*. extra.

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667 B

"PARKING" FOR 'PLANES

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

A Seaplane Club

It is likely that a club will be formed at an East Coast yachting centre in the Spring, and those interested should get in touch with Major Holmes, of the Suffolk Club, at Hadleigh. To anyone who has indulged in much flying from the water it is surprising that such a club has not been started sooner, as one gets plenty of sport trying to come unstuck on a calm day, as well as the fun of safe low flying when in the air. Singapore has a seaplane club, using Moths, and all our light 'planes are excellent performers on floats, particularly the Bluebird, as witness Colonel Sempill's wanderings round the British Isles and over the Continent. Flying members of the proposed new club will have to be initiated on land machines, but this is all to the good, as it is easier to alight on water, but salvage operations are more expensive in the case of a broken chassis. Non-flying members will be able to indulge in outboard motor-scooting and duck-shooting to their heart's content.

Early in the New Year there will be a British flying boat service through the Mediterranean to Egypt, and at a later date similar services will be started down the Nile, on the Great Lakes of Africa and on the coasts between India, Burmah, and Australia. Those who have specialised in handling marine aircraft, whether as pilots or engineers, will find many good jobs going in the near future. Flying from the water requires, in addition to skill in the air, a knowledge of winds and tides and a gift of seamanship which comes through familiarity with yachts, motor boats, and the like, so that any seaplane club will welcome recruits who already know the water half of their training.

Landowners and Aviation

Major Mealing, a member of the Directorate of Civil Aviation, lectured recently before the Institute of Town Planning on the need for municipal landing-grounds, and he took the opportunity of thanking the Institute for the steps they had already taken to secure open spaces for this purpose. There is land near all our large towns which could be developed immediately for use as aerodromes, and several public-spirited landowners have already offered sites to the municipalities at low rentals or arranged to clear a space themselves for the use of aircraft, thereby showing considerable foresight as well as true patriotism.

Land that has been reserved for an aerodrome is unlikely to be encroached on by the house-builder, so that a "lung" is at once created where green grass may remain for many years. Anyone who has been to New York will realise what Central Park means to that city; especially as it is the only green spot in many square miles of steel and concrete.

L.N.A.

WOMAN'S CONQUEST OF THE OCEAN

Miss Mildred Johnson, another fair American who is to attempt a flight across the Atlantic from Germany. She is seen here caught by the camera in mid-Atlantic

Ironclads of the Sky

Four metal flying boats, built by Supermarine, and engined by Napier, have just completed the longest aerial cruise on record. Leaving Plymouth fourteen months ago for a voyage to Australia and the Far East, these machines, under the command of Group Captain Cave-Browne-Cave, have just returned to Singapore after a detour to the Philippines and Hong Kong. This great flight has been a convincing demonstration to our own people in the East of the protection which can be expected from aircraft in future, whilst to the vast native population it is still a matter of wonder, and not a little concern, that the white man can police the sky as well as the sea and land.

Bob Down, You're Spotted!

When an air survey was conducted in Burmah a few years ago the photographs revealed large areas where timber poaching was in progress from Government reserves, and the culprits who were secure in the swamps from detection on the ground got a nasty shock when confronted with proof of their raiding. In Egypt and Mesopotamia it is proposed to use air photographs for land valuation, and in the United States, where land is rated according to the use to which it is put, the inquisitive eye of the camera has already suggested additional revenue to the Exchequer. Poachers, smugglers, and others interested in evading the law should take note that the art of camouflage must be studied in future if they are to escape detection. The police will undoubtedly be equipped with aeroplanes quite soon, and unless one is indoors or underground there will be no peace for the wicked!

An Aerodrome on the South Coast

Pilots and others thinking of a week-end at breezy Brighton should remember that the old aerodrome at Shoreham is still preserved from the builder. New hangars and workshops have been erected, and the Southern Aero Club will welcome visitors by air, or by car for that matter, if they care to sample the good things in the new sandwich bar. When the aerodrome on the Downs has been constructed, Brighton will reap the reward of its foresight in encouraging visitors by air.

The Irish Aero Club

Evidently this is going to be no private affair, for the number of directors is already ten, headed by Colonel Fitzmaurice, who flew the Atlantic as second pilot of the "Bremen," and Dr. Gogarty, who is the friend and host of all airmen who visit Dublin. "Moths" are already in use by the Free State Air Force, so that British machines will probably be chosen for club members. The same group has formed "Irish Airways Ltd.," which intends to operate air services between all the beauty spots.

Personalities in British Aviation

Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, is a scholar with a meticulous regard for accuracy in speech-making. Having been largely responsible for creating "Imperial Airways," he has taken every opportunity to go by air anywhere, and his flight to India with Lady Maude Hoare, on the opening of our Eastern air route, will always be remembered as an historic event. Sir Samuel's first term of office is notable also for the recognition of the flying boat in the Imperial Air Scheme, and for his support of light aeroplane clubs.

BY SUZANNE MEUNIER

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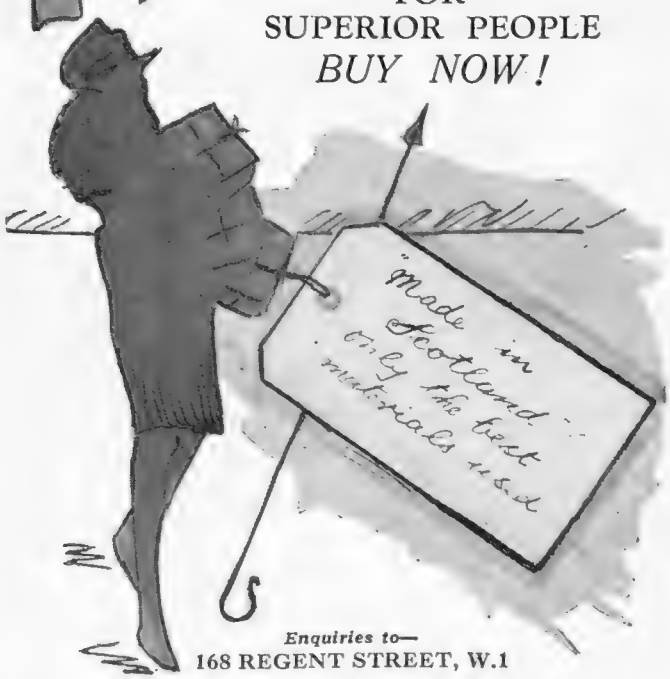

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Fashion's Fancies

A velveteen house coat and an evening coatee of embossed georgette. Also a charming "Happi" coat. From Gorringes

Embossed georgette is used for both these coatees, the one on the right being of a particularly graceful shape. (Gorringes)

The Coatee Vogue

SUCH are the climatic conditions in England that the vogue for bridge coats grows stronger with each succeeding week. They are so comforting when one has to sit in draughty rooms, and the newest of them are so decorative that they would lend a festive air to even the simplest of dresses. Illustrated on this page are several which were sketched at Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road. The one on the left is of black velveteen, trimmed with marabout, and in the sale it costs 19*s.* 9*d.* Next to it is a coatee of embossed georgette, edged with fringe. In black, white, or multi-colours, it is reduced from 79*s.* 6*d.* to 59*s.* 6*d.* In the centre is a "Happi" coat of silk *broché*, lined with jap. It has a Chinese design on a black, jade, blue, or red ground, and it costs 39*s.* 6*d.* Thirdly, there comes another affair of black embossed georgette, finished with tassels. The price is 49*s.* 6*d.* Multi-coloured or black embossed georgette fashions the last coatee, which dips at each side, and has loose, pointed cuffs. It costs 79*s.* 6*d.* instead of 4½ guineas.

Triumph for Shoppers

THE news that Gorringes' sale is in progress will awaken eager anticipations in every feminine heart, for there one can always find things to delight everybody, and on these auspicious occasions wonderful offers are made in every department. For instance, a representative stock of evening dresses, no two of which are alike, has been reduced from £10 10*s.* to £5 5*s.* each, and a charming two-piece gown which was £8 8*s.* costs £5 19*s.* 6*d.* Speckled ribbon straw hats cost only 8*s.* 9*d.*, while others in felt are available for 12*s.* 6*d.* Spun silk nightdresses at 16*s.* 9*d.*, pure wool Spencers at 3*s.* 11*d.*, and warm fur-trimmed coats at bargain prices will receive a warm welcome. These are only a few things taken at random from this firm's sale catalogue.

A splendidly tailored travelling coat from Studd and Millington, who have built it of Studdington vicuna coating

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Admirably Tailored Garments

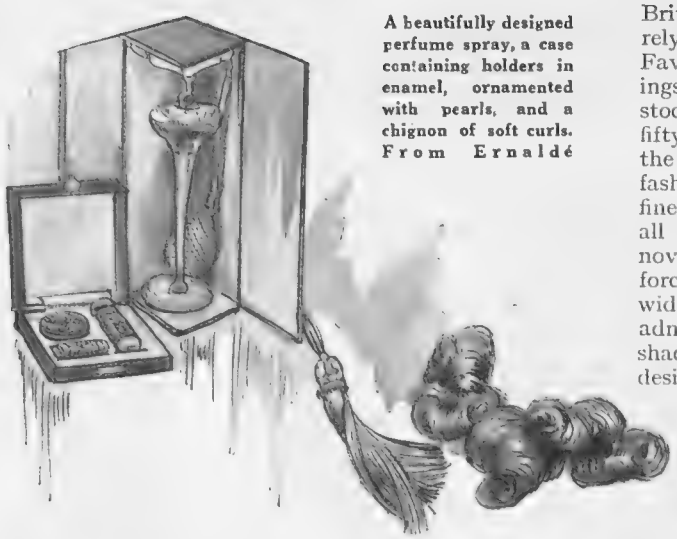
THE excellent travelling coat sketched at the foot of this page comes from Studd and Millington, 67, Chancery Lane, W.C. It is made of Studdington Vicuna coating, and is obtainable in all shades. Double-breasted, with stormproof sleeves, it has a detachable fur collar to tone. The price during the sale, which goes on throughout January, is 6½ guineas. During this time a discount of from 25 per cent. to 33 per cent. will be allowed on normal prices. "Furrywarm" linings, which are very soft and light and warm, will be put into any coat if desired, or they can be added to existing ones at a cost of 2½ guineas for those belonging to ladies, or 2 guineas for men.

A Joyous Quest

USEFUL things, lovely things, luxurious things, all may be found at greatly reduced prices at Woollands, of Knightsbridge, during their sale, which is now in progress. Who could resist the lure of model coats and gowns of great beauty, and why, in fact, should one do so when they are offered at amazingly advantageous prices? The buying of good clothes is true economy. Splendid offers are being made in all fabrics, and charming sequin coatees are available for 3½ guineas. The haberdashery and the flower departments contribute some interesting bargains, and a supply of stockings and gloves should certainly be acquired. It is impossible to give more examples, but the sale catalogue is absolutely full of them.

Furs at Sale Prices

LUXURIOUS furs at reduced prices will appeal to all women. At Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street — whose January sale is now in progress — every item of the stock is greatly reduced, and the prices are clearly marked.



A beautifully designed perfume spray, a case containing holders in enamel, ornamented with pearls, and a chignon of soft curls. From Ernaldé

A Home of Beauty

ONE enters first a most fascinating salon, with walls and glass gleaming in an artistic diffused radiance, and then, when one reaches the upper floor, one finds oneself surrounded by deep blue walls, modernistic lights, and a rain-washed sunlit ceiling. One is at Ernaldé's, Marcol House, 289, Regent Street, W. Here the art of the *posticheur* is carried out to perfection, for Ernaldé won the first prize for permanent waving, in open competition, at the recent International Hairdressing Exhibition. He it is who is responsible for the beautiful coiffure sketched on this page, which demonstrates the charm of loosely waved and curled hair. Beauty culture and manicure are also thoroughly well understood at the Ernaldé Salon, and all the prices are most moderate. The slender perfume spray is of opalescent glass, with a metal base. The little case contains a powder box, a lip-stick holder, and a perfume flask in black enamel encrusted with pearl beads. The back dressing of soft curls is destined to make growing hair look lovely.

Admirable Hosiery

IT is sometimes a little difficult to make a selection from the many brands of hosiery which are obtainable to-day—until one reflects that the results of long experience must be of benefit, and that a well-known British name is a guarantee on which one can safely rely. I. and R. Morley—the manufacturers of The Favourite, La Mode, Durance, and Belgravia stockings—had the distinction of making Queen Victoria's stockings both for her Coronation and for her Jubilee fifty years later. To-day they are valued throughout the world for their qualities, and favoured for their fashion. Sketched on this page is a pair of "Durance" fine gauge pure silk stockings. They are obtainable in all the new shades, and have a most attractive and novel openwork clock. Fully fashioned, they are reinforced at the feet and the top, where there is extra width, and they have pointed spliced heels. The admirable golf pullovers are of marl wool in various shades, with patterned cuffs, in which there are several designs. The ribbed top grips the leg just below the knee, and keeps them neat.

Wonderful News

HERE is an opportunity which no woman would willingly miss. Silk and velvet afternoon dresses which were 8½ guineas to 16½ guineas will be only 7½ guineas; twenty-five evening dresses at the same price, reduced from 10½ guineas and 18½ guineas; and jumper suits at 98*s.* 6*d.* instead of from 8½ to 12½ guineas. All are Paris models, and all will be offered at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, when their sale commences on January 7. It will last for a fortnight, and during that time well-tailored jumper shirts in washing silk will cost 25*s.* 9*d.* instead of 42*s.*, stockinette ones will be reduced from 59*s.* 6*d.* and 69*s.* 6*d.* to 39*s.* 6*d.*, and hand-made floral nightdresses will be priced at 29*s.* 6*d.* Charming boudoir caps will be available for 5*s.* each. In all departments similar opportunities will prevail, and a perusal of the sale catalogue is as intriguing as a fairy story.

This charming coiffure by Ernaldé demonstrates the charm of hair that is loosely waved and curled

Golf pullovers, with patterned cuffs and ribbing at the top, and "Durance" stockings of fine silk. Made by I. and R. Morley
Sketches by Beta

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MODEL FUR COATS in Galliac broadtail trimmed sepia dyed fox, sable dyed squirrel, etc.; all this season's shapes, of which sketch, trimmed Asiatic marten, is an example.

Original Prices 125 to 165 Gns.

Sale Price **69** Gns.

RICH WASHING BROCHÉ CRÊPE DE CHINE NIGHT-DRESS with attractive lace yoke. In coral, apricot, mauve, cyclamen, biscuit, ivory, pink, pale green, hyacinth blue.

Sale Price **27/9**

Directoire Knickers to match, 21/9.

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WONDERFUL VALUE IN CHIFFON VELVET EVENING WRAPS finished with handsome collar and cuffs of grey or beige fur, lined throughout crêpe de Chine. In black only.

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ATTRACTIVE BRIDGE FROCK in rich quality printed velvet, well cut and finished vest of double flesh-coloured georgette. In fashionable designs and colours, and stocked in several sizes.

Sale Price **7** Gns.

CHARMING THÉS DANSANTS FROCKS and COATS in various styles and colours, of which sketch, adapted from a recent Paris model composed entirely of lace with georgette slip, and three-quarter coat to match, is an example.

Sale Price **98/6**

PRINCESS SLIPS in floral silk of artistic designs and colourings, trimmed scalloping at foot, bodice to correspond. On black, blue, lemon, beige, ivory, and pink grounds.

Sale Price **16/9**

Knickers to match at **14/9.**

BRIDGE OR HOTEL COAT in good quality chiffon finished stamped velveteen, on black ground with various artistic designs and colourings.

Sale Price **25/9**

Also in black velveteen lined silk. **35/9.**

AFTERNOON FROCK for little girls in coloured tussore, with organdi collar and cuffs edged with lace. In shades of rose, lavender, green and cedar. Sizes 18 to 24 ins.

Original Prices 35/9 to 49/6.

Sale Price **21/9**

CORSLO CONTOUR in cotton tricot, hooked under left arm, and laced at back, two pairs of suspenders, well boned, removable for washing. Measurements: bust, hips, and waist. In pink or white.

Sale Price **68/6**

In silk tricot, 6 Gns.

12 DOZEN COMBINATIONS in pure wool, silk and wool, or spun silk; all reliable Scotch makes, of which sketch is a typical example. In small women's, women's, and outsizes.

Sale Price **12/9** each

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Meet "The Queel"

Magazines and journals dealing with art and belles-lettres come and go, and invariably have a somewhat tempestuous career, but "The Queel," the new magazine of the Chelsea School of Art, promises to have a fair passage. It is well produced on good paper, and its contributions, submitted by past and present students of the School, are most interesting. "The Queel" is also attractively illustrated, a particularly attractive illustration being "On the Seine," by P. H. Jowett.

A photograph of a scene from "The Merchant of Venice" as played by the boys of St. Oswald's School, Ellesmere. There is an annual Shakespeare play in the Christmas term at this Shropshire school

The Swiss Season

The annual booklet published by the Swiss National Tourist Office gives all information that the prospective winter-sportsman can need. The programme of every resort is given, together with much useful information about trains, luggage, customs formalities, etc. Interest attaches to the inclusion of Zermatt in the list, as this is the first winter that this favourite climbing centre has opened as a winter-sports centre, and there is every hope that it will prove a worthy addition to that collection of entrancing resorts which have made Switzerland what it is.

A photograph of Polo at Heliopolis, the well-known and popular resort for world-travellers. Visitors to Egypt will welcome the improvements and additions that have recently been made at Heliopolis. Among other things, a magnificent grand-stand has been erected on the racecourse, and a modern addition is a row of totalisator booths near the weighing-in enclosure

The Call for Radium

The Cancer Hospital has now in actual operation a well-equipped radio-therapeutic department organised by the late Dr. Robert Knox, and is fully staffed by specially trained workers. The honorary surgeons have had a long experience in the practical treatment of cancer by radium. The provision of two more grammes of radium at the Cancer Hospital would enable the medical staff, not only to treat a very much larger number of the cases of cancer that come to them, but would also enable them to supply radium emanation to other hospitals.

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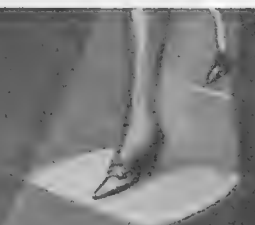

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FILLETS OF SOLE IN WHITE WINE SAUCE.
ROAST GOOSE (STUFFED).
ICED CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ.
ROES ON TOAST.

Fillets of Sole in White Wine Sauce

FOUR fillets of sole, one and a half gills of fish liquor, half-gill white wine, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, yolk of one egg. Stew the fish bones and skin in half a pint of water for half an hour. Melt the butter, stir in the flour and add the strained fish liquor. Stir until it boils, and after boiling for a few minutes remove the pan from the fire. Roll up the fillets and put them in the sauce. Simmer very gently for ten minutes. Place the fillets on a hot dish, add the yolk of the egg to the sauce, mix well, and strain over the fish.

Roast Goose (Stuffed)

Singe and draw a tender goose. Next prepare a sage and onion stuffing made as follows: chop finely 2 ozs. of beef suet, add to it 2 ozs. to 3 ozs. breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of mixed herbs, one teaspoonful of powdered sage. Peel and parboil a large-sized onion, chop finely and add to the above. Mix well, and moisten with sufficient cold milk to bind the mixture. Season with salt, pepper, and very little nutmeg. Fill the goose with this, close both ends (sew up with thin twine), truss the bird, cover the breast with dripping or fat bacon, and cook in the usual way, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound; baste frequently. When done, untruss the goose and dish it up. Pour off the fat from the roasting-tin, put a little stock into the tin, season, boil up, and strain the gravy over the bird. Serve with apple sauce.

An Alternative Stuffing—Banana Stuffing

Peel six or eight ripe bananas and chop them rather coarsely; season well with salt and pepper, and add half a breakfast-cup of white breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, chopped parsley, and some savoury herbs to taste. Mix the whole well, and stuff the goose in the usual way with this preparation.

Iced Chocolate Soufflé

Whip a quart of lemon-jelly until it resembles the whipped whites of eggs. Dissolve 1½ ozs. chocolate in a little milk on the fire. When cool, add a pint of whipped cream. Sweeten and flavour to taste, then add cream, etc., to the whipped jelly, and whip for ten minutes. Then pour into a soufflé dish, with a band of paper round, set on ice for a few hours, and serve.

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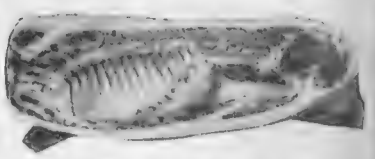

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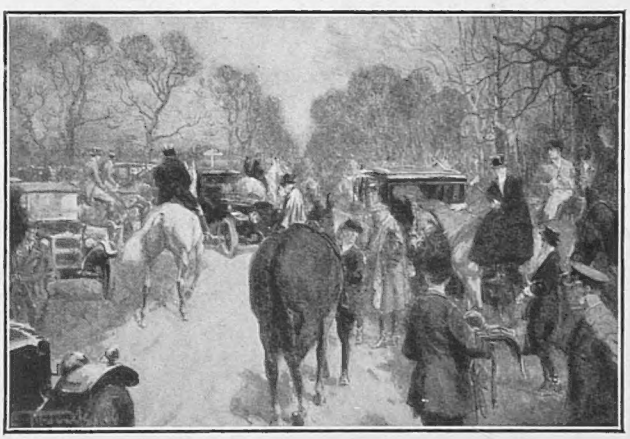

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One instinctively feels that the Two Steeples No. 83 Quality Sock is a real man's sock. It's a sock of taste—dressy, fashionable, comfortable.

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Ask your hosier to show you this distinctive sock ; it is guaranteed to give satisfaction.

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No. 83 Quality Socks
PER 4/6 PAIR

A SHADE FOR EVERY SUIT

Special Trial Offer

You can now have THE BEST OIL at less than the average cost

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To introduce the superfine qualities of "Wellsaline" "Improved Process" Motor Oil to a further 1,000 motorists, we are supplying 1,000 5 Gallon Drums at bulk rates, 5/- per gallon—which is less than you pay for ordinary oil. Put up in a strong Drum (without the usual messy plug and tap) and the Oil Pump illustrated presented FREE with first order. This pump usually sells for 7/-. Do not miss this opportunity, it cannot be repeated. Send your Order with remittance to MATTHEW WELLS & CO., LTD., Dept. H., Wellsaline Oil Works, MANCHESTER, or order through your usual Garage, stating Make, H.P. and date of Car.
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Tweed Coats and Skirts - from £3
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MR. WILLIAM HARRISON'S VIEWS.

The SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, was held on Friday, December 21, at Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, LL.B. (the chairman), presided.

The SECRETARY (Mr. W. C. Nisbett) read the notice convening the meeting, and the report of the auditors was also read.

The CHAIRMAN said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—I beg to submit to you the accounts for the year, with the directors' report, and, following the usual practice, I propose to take them as read. I would, however, like to deal in some detail with the accounts. If you will turn to the directors' report you will see that the profit for the year ended November 30 amounts to £268,883 18s. 3d., and adding the amount brought forward from last year of £19,575 6s., we get a total of £288,459 4s. 3d. From this sum have to be deducted £18,000 for Debenture stock interest, and £4,150 for directors' fees, amounting together to £22,150, leaving a balance available for distribution, subject to income-tax, of £266,309 4s. 3d. The provision for income-tax amounts to £47,318 6s. 1d., leaving a net balance of £218,990 18s. 2d. I should just like to interpose here, as one employing or responsible for the employment of vast numbers of men in industry, to stress the point about income-tax. The sooner we get that down the better it will be for industry in this country. Dividends on the Preference shares for the year, less income-tax, absorb £100,792 16s. 2d., leaving available for distribution among the Ordinary shareholders £118,198 2s. after income-tax has been provided for.

THE DIVIDEND.

We propose this year to apply this available balance in this way: to wipe out the remainder of the preliminary expenses, amounting to £21,243 6s. 1d., and to pay a dividend for the year of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, less income-tax, absorbing £89,600, so that the sum required to write off the balance of the preliminary expenses and to meet the Ordinary dividend, less tax, is £110,843 6s. 1d., leaving to be carried forward to next year £7,354 15s. 11d.

Now it would not be amiss at this stage to compare for a moment or two the results of 1928 with those of the period presented to you last year, covering some 17 months. If you will look at last year's balance-sheet you will find that the profit for the 17 months ended November 30, 1928, amounted to £355,940 1s. 5d., so that taking an arithmetical sum we arrive at a 12 months' figure of £251,000, or thereabouts, as the profits for 12 months last year. The profits for the year, therefore, we are now reviewing are some £17,000 up. This year, to meet the request of many shareholders, we decided as a board to bring into line our subsidiary company, the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, so far as their accounting period is concerned, and you have all had sent to you, or should have had sent to you, the directors' report and balance-sheet of that subsidiary company for the 11 months ended November 30 last. I will deal with that particular subsidiary in a moment or two. I would, however, stress this point, that the profits of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, in which we hold some 95 per cent. of both classes of shares—that is, the Preference and Ordinary—are about the same for 11 months this year as for 12 months last year, and no portion of those profits—the amount that we will get, at any rate, £62,000, being our 95 per cent.—is included in these accounts. We prefer to keep it as a nest-egg. We will get that dividend from our subsidiary to-morrow, and it amounts to this, that practically one-half of next year's Preference dividend will be in our till to-morrow morning from that subsidiary, and we do not encroach upon it so far as the Ordinary dividend of 8 per cent. is concerned. (Hear, hear.)

BALANCE-SHEET FIGURES.

Now, coming back to the balance-sheet of the parent company—Illustrated Newspapers, Limited—it calls for little comment when compared with last year's. We find that the stocks—we are not carrying very big stocks—are approximately the same—some £14,000 or £15,000; that our debtors in the year under review are £201,000, against £229,000 last year; and that the cash at bank and in hand this year at the end of November is £135,000 approximately, as against £139,000 last year. The sundry creditors and credit balances this year are £141,859, as against £134,000 last year. The greater part—at any rate, £50,000 or £60,000—of the sundry creditors in both last year's and this year's accounts consist of income-tax.

Coming now to the Illustrated London News and Sketch, whose report you have all had, the position there is extremely satisfactory. We find, as I have already told you, that our profits for the 11 months this year are practically the same as for 12 months last year, and if you will refer to the balance-sheet of that company I am sure you will agree with me that it is in a very satisfactory state indeed. The result is that, so far as the Illustrated London News and Sketch is concerned, we find ourselves in a position to increase the Preference dividend, which is a participating one—as to dividend only, I think—from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent., and the Ordinary dividend of the Illustrated London News and Sketch is increased from 29½ per cent. to 45½ per cent. this year.

THE SCOURGE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

Speaking of the business in general, might I say this: that the circulations of all our papers have been well maintained, and, what is more important still, our advertisement revenue has increased. But to-day, ladies and gentlemen, there is one topic that I would just like to touch upon so far as this company is concerned, and it affects all companies—not only those working newspapers, but all great industrial companies—and that is the scourge of unemployment in this land. Until we get some permanent, lasting cure for this state of affairs in this country, which has lasted far too long already, we cannot look for any great improvement in the trade of the country. I have advocated on many occasions recently—I am not going to make a political speech, I can assure you—that the only way of dealing with this great problem, which is at the root of all our troubles, is for the Prime Minister of the day to set up an industrial body of those at the head of big industries and those responsible for the great unions, and to have an inquiry conducted by them outside the pale of party politics, so that these men, having evidence before them, will be able to judge and give a report to the nation of their stewardship and say what, in the interests of this land, should be done—putting politics on one side for all time so far as unemployment is concerned—to make this land the prosperous land industrially that it is entitled to be. (Hear, hear.)

PROSPERITY OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

I wonder how many of you have read during the last three or four weeks the official report on the prosperity of France, a country with a debased currency, and even this morning in *The Times* the unparalleled prosperity at the present moment of Germany, the land of the vanquished, and yet this week, in this very City, the Prime Minister of this country is appealing to the nation to dole out charity to miners in their present tragic state. I am taking this opportunity to-day to plead with the powers that be to obliterate from the pale of party politics questions such as this. Industry should come first in this country, and politics last. (Cheers.)

FUTURE OF ADVERTISING.

Dealing now with the advertising side, I would just like to say this. You are probably not aware that your company is engaged in a highly competitive business, and profitable results can only accrue to us so long as we give our readers publications of the present high quality, and so long as we are able to make, what is more important, a profitable return to those advertisers who use our pages as their medium. Advertising has become a scientific business, and expenditures are planned with the greatest possible care by those skilled persons, the advertisers, and it is satisfactory to note that the revenue from advertising shows a steady increase. There is little question that the use of advertising in the future is bound to increase, and that our papers will retain the present volume of their advertising and get their fair share of the new expenditures that arise.

During the course of the year we have moved to our new premises at Inveresk House, and I feel confident that the staff which is now working under such hygienic conditions will be able to give you far better work in those surroundings than in the old buildings they used in the past. Last year I told you that we had spent during the year a considerable sum of money in developing the *Graphic*, which is a fine old paper, and I am pleased to say—and I say it to the credit of the editor, Mr. Alan Bott—that that development expenditure has already borne fruit, and I look to its bearing greater fruit in the coming year.

TRIBUTE TO MANAGING DIRECTOR, EDITORS, AND STAFF.

In conclusion, may I pay my tribute to the managing director, General Campbell, and the Editors—who are also directors with us—Mr. Huskinson, Mr. Bruce Ingram, Mr. Maddick, and Mr. Stowell, the working directors—for the work which they have done during the year under review? Last, but not least, I should like to express my appreciation and thanks—and I am sure the appreciation and thanks of all of you—to the staff in general, through whose united efforts we have been able to obtain the results which are now before you in respect of the past year.

I beg to move that the directors' report and balance-sheet be adopted, and will ask some shareholder to second the motion.

Mr. PASFIELD seconded the motion, and, the CHAIRMAN having replied to shareholders' questions, it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors (Mr. G. J. Maddick, Mr. E. Huskinson, and Mr. H. J. Stowell) were re-elected, and the auditors (Messrs. Layton-Bennett, Chiene, and Tait, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co.) were reappointed.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the dividend warrants would be posted that night, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff concluded the proceedings.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH

IMPROVED POSITION.

HEALTHY AND SATISFACTORY BALANCE SHEET.

The THIRTIETH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, was held on Friday, December 21, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London.

Mr. WILLIAM HARRISON, LL.B. (chairman of the company), presided.

The SECRETARY (Mr. John D. George) having read the notice convening the meeting, and the REPRESENTATIVE of the AUDITORS having read their certificate,

The CHAIRMAN said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—I do not propose to detain you very long, because I have just dealt with the directors' report and the balance-sheet of your company at the meeting just ended of the Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, the parent company. It might be as well, however, if I shortly review the work for the 11 months ended November 30 last. We are dealing here with an 11 months' account as against the 12 months' account heretofore, and we have made this change for this reason. The financial year of the controlling company, the Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, ends on November 30, and as that company holds some 94 per cent. or 95 per cent. of the total Preference share capital of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, and a similar percentage of the Ordinary share capital, we thought it a good thing that our shareholders in the Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, should be able to receive a balance-sheet of your company made up to the same date as their own, in order that they might get a true perspective of the results not only of the parent company, but of the main subsidiary company during the year.

TRADING PROFIT AND DIVIDEND.

You will see from the report of the directors that the result of the 11 months' working shows a trading profit of £76,141 18s. 7d., as against £76,172 17s. 5d. for the complete period of the 12 months of last year. The profit for the 11 months of this year is, therefore, within £30 of last year's profit for a complete 12 months. This is extremely satisfactory. You have a profit, as I have said, of £76,141 18s. 7d. on the 11 months. Interest on Debenture stock takes £8,273 9s. 4d., directors' remuneration £962 10s., and there is a balance carried to the balance-sheet of £66,905 19s. 3d. With the sum of £14,515 6s. 7d. brought forward from last year, we find ourselves with a sum of £81,421 5s. 10d. to deal with, and your directors propose to deal with this sum in the following manner:—The payment of a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, as against 7 per cent. last year, on the Participating Preference shares for the 11 months ended November 30, 1928, which will absorb £27,500; the payment of a dividend at the rate of 45½ per cent. per annum, as against 29½ per cent. last year, on the Ordinary shares for the 11 months, which will absorb £39,101 11s. 3d.; and to carry forward £14,819 14s. 7d.

COMPARISON OF ACCOUNTS.

I would now like to go with you through the figures of the balance-sheet, even though you as outside shareholders are only left with an interest of about 5 per cent. in the company. The balance-sheet, I would say at once, is an extremely healthy and satisfactory one. As compared with the figures at the close of the annual accounts last year there is practically no difference to record. Stock was approximately £25,000 at the close of the 1927 account and at the close of the 1928 account. Sundry debtors we find at the close of this year's accounts amount to £78,000, as against approximately £72,000 in the previous period. Cash at bankers and in hand last year was £52,182, as against £55,935 in the accounts this year. On the debit side we find our sundry creditors and credit balances, including all provision for income-tax, amount to £47,005, as against £49,303 last year.

I think the results this year reflect the greatest possible credit on the managing director, Mr. G. J. Maddick, who has rendered such signal service to this company for nearly 40-odd years, and to our brilliant editor, Captain Bruce Ingram, and, indeed, to all the members of the staff. I think the results obtained are extremely flattering to all those responsible for this achievement.

There is one point I might mention, and it is this. We have sold—but the figures do not come into these accounts—some portion of our freehold property that we did not require for £30,000. This property stood in our books at £13,000, and this gives you a healthy indication of what is in the balance-sheet.

A TRIBUTE FROM AMERICA.

There is one further matter which I think I ought to mention to you, Mr. Maddick, and to the shareholders present. When I was in the States this year on a business trip I met many of those responsible in that great Continent of America for the production of magazines and illustrated newspapers similar to our own produced here. They were all of one opinion that the greatest scientific illustrated paper in the world was produced in London—the *Illustrated London News*. I think that great paper never stood higher from a scientific point of view in the eyes of those who read these publications than it does to-day. (Hear, hear.) I do not think there is any more that I can say, and I will therefore move that the directors' report and balance-sheet, which have been submitted, be adopted.

Mr. KUYPERS seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors (Mr. William Harrison and Mr. Condie Sandeman) were re-elected, and the auditors (Messrs. Price, Waterhouse and Co. and Messrs. Layton-Bennett Chiene and Tait) were reappointed.

The CHAIRMAN announced that the dividend warrants would be posted that night, and the proceedings terminated.

PROOF

that it is Scotland's Best is always found IN "BLACK & WHITE"

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